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*The*  
**MODERNIST**

**FRANCIS DEMING HOYT**

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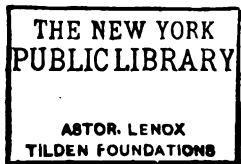


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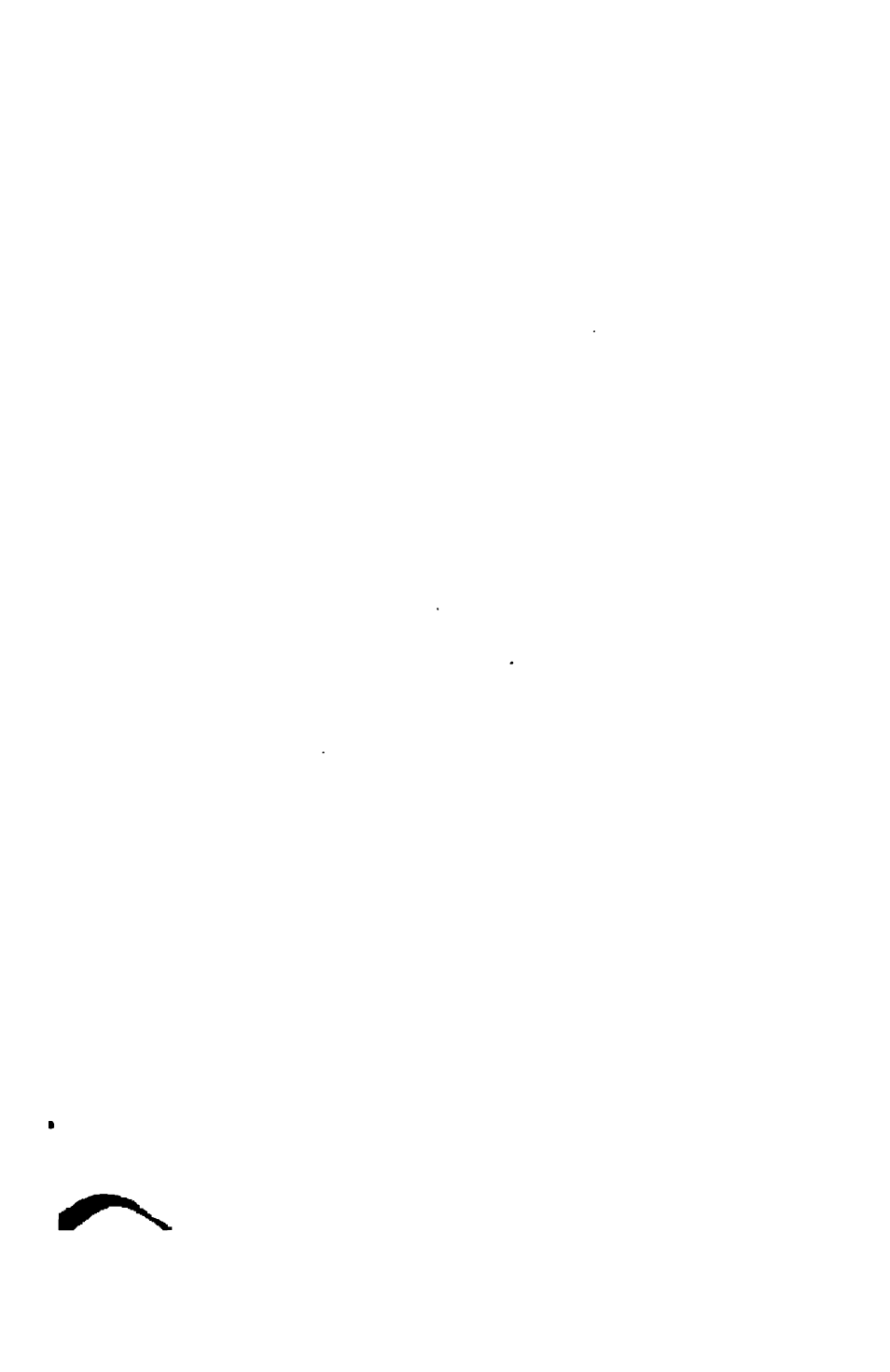


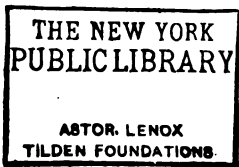
# **THE MODERNIST**













*The Start*

# THE MODERNIST

BY  
FRANCIS DEMING HOYT

AUTHOR OF "CATHERINE SIDNEY,"  
"THE COMING STORM," ETC.

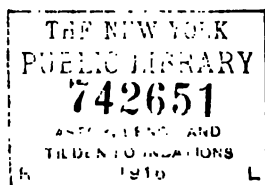
*Mirth can into folly glide,  
And folly into sin.*

BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN

*Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas.*

THE IMITATION

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WOMEN  
OF  
THE  
WORLD

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## **THE MODERNIST**



# THE MODERNIST

## I

### Lakewood

**P**ICTURE, if you please, a May morning in Lakewood, that charming resort of so many lovers of nature, who find restful comfort and health in the forests of Pine, and enjoy the beauty and quiet of country life. Clear skies are overhead, sunlight and shadows chasing each other through the trees and drawing fitful shapes across the fresh green lawns; the birds are filling the air with their glad songs of springtime; the warm balmy atmosphere is a welcome assurance that the long, cold winter is past, and the buds and blossoms and green young leaves on all sides are harbingers of the flowers and fruits that are to come.

As a sort of background to the attractive scenes of nature stands the famous old "Laurel-in-the-Pines," with its long, wide, open piazzas, overlooking beautiful Lake

Carasaljo, filled now with throngs of gay people talking and laughing merrily, as they watch the constant arrivals and departures, some in carriages or automobiles, many more on foot, starting off, it may be, for "a walk around the lake."

A fascinating scene it always is, but made especially so on this particular morning in May, when the guests on the piazzas watched with lively interest a party mounting their horses, in front of "The Laurel-in-the-Pines," and starting off for a ride through the woods and across the country.

The party consisted of Mr. Charles Seton, his son Eugene and two daughters, Helen and Charlotte, of New York; Mr. Herbert Gates, his son Ralph and daughter Dorothy, also New Yorkers; Miss Mason and Miss Stanley, of Philadelphia, nieces of Mrs. Seton; and Mr. Norman Dudley, an Englishman, living at present in New York.

The smart cavalcade started off briskly in a westerly direction, Dudley and Dorothy Gates leading the way. Dorothy rode straddle, while the other ladies of the party observed the more conservative custom of using a side-saddle. As they neared the

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arched bridge which spans the inlet from the lake leading to the Sunken Garden of the beautiful estate which lies a few hundred yards West of the hotel, they slackened their pace to admire the beautiful terrace bordering the inlet, with its wealth of velvety lawns, evergreen plants and shrubs, the winding marble stairway and balustrade at the end of the oval, the colonnade beyond, and the graceful statuary scattered about the grounds.

Dorothy was restless under this momentary delay, and calling out rather impatiently, "O come on; you have all seen that place scores of times," urged her horse forward, accompanied by Dudley. The others soon followed.

They continued on the Lake Drive as far as Hope Chapel Road, thence through the grounds of The Country Club, and the woody district beyond, and returned by way of the South Lake Drive as far as Madison Avenue. This led them North through the town as far as the County Road, and from there they made their way back through Forest Avenue.

"Mr. Seton, I am not surprised that you

are enthusiastic over Lakewood," said Mr. Gates, as they reined in their horses at Seventh Street and walked slowly down the hill. "It's a beautiful country, and the roads are excellent."

"It is certainly fascinating," replied Mr. Seton. "But the great charm of Lakewood for me is its healthfulness. Whether it is the invigorating Pine air, the dry sandy soil, or the tempered sea breezes—we are only ten miles, you know, from the coast—or perhaps all of them, it is as healthy a place as I have ever known. After my little week-end visits here of two or three days, I always return to the City feeling better."

"Where would you build, if you should decide to make Lakewood your home?" asked Mr. Gates. "On this Avenue, perhaps?"

"No, indeed. My preference would be the other side of the Lake, among the Pines. Central Avenue, running between Lake Carasaljo and Lake Manetta, is, I think, the choicest section of Lakewood. Don't you think so, Helen?" he added, turning to his daughter, who was riding on his left.

"Indeed I do, father. I think a home over there among the Pines would be ideal. We

would be far enough away from the noise and confusion of town life to enjoy a delicious quiet and independence, and at the same time within five minutes reach of the village centre." She turned to Dorothy, who with her friend Dudley had just joined the rest of the party, as though she expected an approval of her views.

"Helen, I think I should die, if I tried to live in the country," said Dorothy. "There's positively nothing doing here; sunrise and sunset, trees and grass, a few straggling flowers, and a lot of gawky country bumpkins staring you in the face, wherever you go. Do you think these things would compensate for the loss of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, the opera, the theatre, the dinners and receptions and all the other fascinating gayeties of city life?"

"Well Dorothy, that depends very much upon your point of view. To me the country with its forests and streams, its hills and valleys, its fields of grain and fruits and flowers, the songs of the birds, and above all, the fresh, pure invigorating air, is far more inviting than the artificial attractions of the crowded city. As for the staring of the



country people which you find annoying, it can hardly be as offensive as the rude staring one meets with on the streets and in public conveyances of the City."

Mr. Seton turned to his daughter with a look of surprise, as well as admiration. He knew that Helen always enjoyed her visits to the country, he had often heard her speak of her delightful rambles through the woods, of the fascination of fishing and boating, and other sports which she had enjoyed with her brothers; but he was hardly prepared for this naïve outburst of enthusiasm. He said nothing, but he made up his mind that he would think seriously of the plan they had often talked over of building a home in the country. Dorothy was evidently not much impressed by Helen's enthusiastic description of the attractions of country life. After a few moments' silence she turned to her escort, as they rode ahead, and asked which of the realistic plays, then running in New York, he liked best.


Five minutes later Mrs. Seton and Mrs. Gates greeted the party as they dismounted at "The Laurel-in-the-Pines."

Mr. and Mrs. Seton were New Englanders,

living in New York. They were of what might be called "the old school"; generous in their hospitality, generous in their charities, scrupulously careful of their children's education, and devoted to their home, which they sought to make attractive to their children, as well as to their many friends. They had little sympathy with modern ideas, either in the matter of education, social customs, popular literature, or public entertainments. Indeed some of their friends told them frankly that they were not "up-to-date." Mr. Seton would smile, as he owned the soft impeachment, remarking that he preferred to conform to the old ideas and customs which were honored by an earlier generation. Eugene had graduated at St. Mary's College in Montreal, studied law at Columbia, and was now practicing in his father's office in New York. His younger brother, Louis, was still pursuing his studies in Montreal. Helen Seton received her education at Mount Carmel, Roland Park, Md.; Charlotte was a pupil at the Convent of the Holy Child, recently established at Suffern. The Setons were Catholics; they lived on West Fifty-Seventh Street. The Gates' were

intimate friends of the Setons, and yet so unlike in many respects, that one having a slight acquaintance only with the families might wonder what the bond of sympathy was between them. Mr. Gates was a Modernist, in the popular sense of the term, priding himself on his liberal views concerning religion, and education, as well as upon the political and social questions of the day. His wife shared his views generally. Their son, Ralph, after two or three years' attendance at a Preparatory School in New York, went to Princeton, where he distinguished himself in the field of athletics and general sports. At the end of his course he managed, with a little "cramming," to pass the examinations and secure his A.B. His father obtained a clerical position for him with a Wall Street house, where, in addition to acquiring a knowledge of the intricacies of "speculating on a margin," he cultivated his taste for fashionable dress and high living. Among his associates he enjoyed the reputation of being a "first class sport." His elder sister, Dorothy, had recently "graduated" (*sic*) at a fashionable young ladies' school, and during the following season had made

her début in society. This ceremony was quite perfunctory in her case, for she had attended all sorts of social gatherings during the two or three preceding years. Her younger sister, Ruth, was being "educated" at home; that is, she had a visiting governess, who devoted two hours a day to instructing her in the most approved modern course of literature and science. Both of the young ladies spent a large share of their time in reading the latest works of fiction, novels of the "best seller" variety; and the yellow journals and society weeklies kept them fully informed of the latest crimes and scandals and social gossip. The theatre was perhaps the most efficient agent of their education. Here they saw enacted, as if in real life, the alluring scenes of the gay world; here the influence of unbridled passion upon the lives of men and women, the incentives to folly and meanness, to immorality and crime, were vividly portrayed; mind and heart were made familiar with the temptations and sins of the wicked world. The twentieth century theatre is the school of sensational Modernism. Father and mother, however, both argued that the



education of young people should make them worldly wise; that they could not be thoroughly equipped for the battle of life so long as they were ignorant of the facts which must confront them sooner or later, when they went out into the world.

Norman Dudley was an Englishman who had been in this country scarcely a year. He claimed nobility of birth, and heirship to a large estate, which in the near future would make him enormously wealthy. He had made the acquaintance of Ralph Gates in Wall Street, and being congenial spirits, a close intimacy grew up between them.

The morning's outing had given them all keen appetites, and a good hour was spent in the dining room. The conversation naturally turned on the delightful ride they had enjoyed, and the beautiful country through which they had passed. Upon this they were all agreed. When, however, they went on to discuss the comparative advantages of city and country life, there was not the same unanimity of opinion.

"I like to visit the country occasionally," said Mr. Gates, "to spend a few days of restful idleness where I can watch the slow,

dull operations of farm life, hear the monotonous mooing of the cows, the cawing of the crows, the croaking of the frogs, and listen to the words of rustic wisdom drawled out by the garrulous sons of the soil. There is a very funny side to it all; but there is serious evidence also that these favored members of society have not kept their eyes or their ears open to the progress of modern civilization. Their houses and barns, and grounds generally, have a dilapidated, slovenly appearance, which suggests either dense ignorance, or a want of self-respect and force of character. A brief visit to the country is pleasant enough, when you know you have a more attractive home to return to, the moment you tire of the stagnation of provincial life. But to make my permanent residence there amid the dismal surroundings, with half-witted rustics for my neighbors, would be ghastly; I should feel that life was not worth living."


"I am sorry, Mr. Gates, that I can not agree with you," replied Mr. Seton. "Your description of some of the humorous features of country life is interesting, but reminds me of the school boy's picture, in which the

cows are as tall as the houses — a bit over-drawn in some particulars.

“The country sounds which you so humorously describe, are by no means objectionable to every one. Indeed some of us love to hear them. The uncouth manners and rude speech of the ‘hayseeds,’ as you call them, do not always indicate either ignorance or moral obliquity. Once know them and talk freely with them, and you will find that many of them possess a fund of common sense and practical knowledge. It is true they do not always cultivate the amenities of life, and some of them, as you say, are slovenly in their appearance, and neglect the proper care of their homes and surroundings. But you do not have to go to the backwoods to meet with shabby, unsightly places of abode, and still more slovenly inhabitants. What could be more revolting to every sense of propriety and decency than the dark, squalid, ill-ventilated quarters of the lower element in New York. And the depraved condition, physical, mental and moral, of a good many of this class would make the character of the lowest order of peasantry appear angelic. And let me suggest to you,

Mr. Gates, that this want of thrift in agricultural conditions is largely a result of the prevailing spirit of Modernism. The farmers' sons and daughters, tiring of the quiet, wholesome life to which they were born, and provoked to a spirit of discontent and restlessness by the sensational news and trashy stories which they read in the local 'weekly,' disregard the advice of father and mother, desert the homestead and seek employment in the county town. The new life which they find there only whets their appetites for something more exciting; the great city soon receives them into its maelstrom of temptation and vice, and they too often become worthless, if not dangerous members of society. In the meantime the farms, and all they represent, are left to the care of the fathers and mothers and younger sisters.


"But Mr. Gates, all this is quite apart from the main question we were discussing—the relative advantages of a home in the country and in the city. One need not be intimate with the undesirable classes in either place; unpleasant sights we can not wholly escape, wherever we go. Any one living within fifty miles of the City—New York,





Boston, Philadelphia or Chicago — may enjoy most of the advantages which attach to city life, without the discomforts and annoyances which are inseparable from it. Even for those living farther away, the facilities of travel and modern hotel accommodations make frequent trips to the city a simple matter. There are many, of course, who are quite dependent upon the attractions of the city, who feel ill at ease, or homesick, as it were, if they are long deprived of these. There are others of us who find the country home, with its spacious grounds and charming natural beauty, and its freedom from the turmoil and excitement of the city, restful and pleasant, and elevating to mind and heart."

Dorothy had been restless during this conversation, and as an opportunity presented itself, she nodded to Dudley, and excusing themselves because they were going to walk around the lake, they left the dining room together. Mrs. Seton looked at Mrs. Gates inquiringly, but the latter only smiled and said nothing. When they were alone, however, in the Palm room, Mrs. Seton asked her friend some questions regarding



Mr. Dudley, where he came from and how long they had known him.

"He is an Englishman," replied Mrs. Gates," and has been in this country, I think, about a year. His father, Lord Dudley, owns large estates in the northern part of England, which his son will inherit. Ralph made his acquaintance in the office of his employers, Wallace & Brooks, on Broad street, with whom Mr. Dudley does a large business. He is a very agreeable fellow, and is quite popular, Ralph says, among the younger set."

"That sounds very well, certainly, Mrs. Gates; but have you ever met any one who is acquainted with his family in England, or who knows of them?"

"No, we have not, but I am sure we will. If it should at any time become necessary to do so, of course we should make further inquiries. I am perfectly satisfied, however, that Mr. Dudley is a gentleman, and would not abuse our confidence."

"You may be entirely right, my dear, but it seems to me I should want to know more about the young man before allowing my daughter to become so intimate with him.

Pleasant parlor manners are certainly attractive, especially to young people; but they are not always assurance of equally good character."

"O Mrs. Seton, you are ultra conservative. It's hardly possible to know every man's history, and to find out all about his ancestors, before shaking hands with him and introducing him to your family. Ralph brings a lot of young fellows to the house, whom we have never heard of, and they make themselves very agreeable to us all. If they didn't behave themselves, we should find it out very quickly, and have nothing more to do with them. Dorothy is a pretty good judge of human nature, and quite competent to take care of herself. Moreover, what earthly use would it be for us to attempt to cross her in such matters. When she has made up her mind that she wants to do anything, or not to do it, it is useless for us to say to her 'you must, or you mustn't'; we might as well tell the wind not to blow. Things are not as they used to be when you and I were children; young people are expected to have a mind of their own and to judge for themselves. If you tell them not

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to do a thing which they want to, they'll do it anyhow. Mr. Gates and I have made up our minds that we might as well fall in with modern ideas; and I am not sure that they are not more sensible than the prudish old notions which prevailed in our time. I believe they make young people more independent and self-reliant."

"I am sorry I can not agree with you," replied Mrs. Seton, smiling. "The independence and self-reliance you speak of are too pronounced, I think, at the present time. It is an old saying, you know, that they only are fit to command who have learned to obey. The youth of today are the parents and guardians of the future generation. What preparation, or equipment, will they bring to the discharge of their duties, if they themselves have been permitted in early life to disregard the voice of authority? Intelligent observers the world over, and especially perhaps in this country, are painfully impressed by the growing spirit of independence and insubordination which marks the present age. Young people, in public as well as in private, disregard the respect and deference due to age; and the ruder

element loudly assert their equality with the educated and refined classes. But my dear, this sounds, I know, too much like a sermon. Forgive me, please. Mr. Seton and I have talked this matter over so often, and we feel so strongly about it, that I am afraid we sometimes appear intolerant to our friends."

"I have no doubt you are quite right, Mrs. Seton—theoretically. But what are you going to do? You might as well disregard the dictates of fashion, as to set yourself up against prevailing ideas and customs. Young people nowadays 'know it all,' and it's useless to try to teach them anything."

"Does it ever occur to you, my dear friend," replied Mrs. Seton, "that perhaps parents are in a measure to blame for this want of respect and docility on the part of their children?"

At this point Eugene Seton entered the Palm room, with his sisters Helen and Charlotte, approached his mother, and bowing respectfully said: "Mother, we have been invited by Mr. and Mrs. Barclay to motor with them over to The Deserted

Village, about eight miles North of here, and take a cup of tea at DeLisle's. You have no objection?"

"Why certainly not, Eugene," replied his mother. "I hope you will all enjoy the trip. Only don't have any smash-ups, and be sure to return in season for dinner."

The incident did not fail to make an impression upon Mrs. Gates.

## II

### “The Laurel-in-the-Pines”

**S**ATURDAY night during the season at “The Laurel-in-the-Pines” is always enjoyable, and generally brilliant. To-night it was both. It was the last dance of the season, and invitations had been sent out for the occasion. Many of the Lakewood cottagers were present, and the week-end visitors from New York and Philadelphia filled the house. The orchestra, which during the early evening had entertained lovers of good music with classical and operatic selections, at the South entrance of the beautiful Palm room, took their places, at nine o'clock, at the end of the ball room, and soon after the dance began. Our friends had found seats in the large alcove near the entrance to the music hall, where they had an excellent view of those entering, or promenading in the outer halls. As they sat there, watching the interesting spectacle,

Eugene, who had been sitting near his mother, suddenly sprang from his seat, saying, "Excuse me, mother; there goes my friend, Robert Hamilton." The latter overheard his name, and turning, greeted Eugene heartily. "Why, Robert, when did you arrive?"

"Came down on the five o'clock this evening. How long have you been here, Eugene?"

"Ralph Gates and I came down yesterday afternoon for the week-end, and especially for to-night's jollification. My mother and sisters have been here about two weeks, and father is with us to-night. By the way, Robert, you have never met any of my family, I think. Let me have the pleasure of introducing you. They are all back here in the alcove, with a party of friends; Mr. and Mrs. Gates, Miss Dorothy and her brother Ralph, my cousins, Miss Mason and Miss Stanley, and Norman Dudley. You know Ralph, of course, and I think you met Dudley at the Club."

"Yes, I remember him very well. I should be glad to meet your mother and father, Eugene, and any of your friends."



Robert Hamilton was the youngest member of a well-known New York family. His father had inherited a considerable fortune, which by prudent management, and judicious investments, he had largely increased. He was a director in several strong financial institutions, and owned some good paying real estate in the City. His mother was a Dwight; an old New England family which during the past century has contributed many of the best educators, jurists and scientists this country has known. After graduating at Harvard, and devoting two years more to study at the Harvard Law School, Robert spent twelve months traveling through Europe with his father and mother. He was now employed in a down town bank, fitting himself to take care of his father's business. Robert's parents were Episcopalians—that is, when they attended divine service, or listened to a sermon, it was generally at one of the churches of that denomination. His own religious views, if he really had any, were of that nebulous character which distinguishes "the religion of the future," as it has been called by the President Emeritus of Harvard; which "will

not be based on authority, either spiritual or temporal." Hamilton had met Eugene Seton at the University Club a year before, and they had since become intimate friends. Eugene's family had often heard him speak of his friend Robert Hamilton, so that when he introduced him this evening, they were all prepared to give him a cordial greeting. He took the seat which Eugene had vacated, between Mrs. Seton and Helen.

"Is this your first visit to Lakewood?" asked Mrs. Seton.

"O no indeed," replied Hamilton. "I have been here several times, generally with my father and mother; and we always stop at 'The Laurel-in-the-Pines.' They were unable to come down this evening, on account of some unexpected arrivals at home; and I was selfish enough to come alone. Lakewood is very attractive to me."

"That proves your good taste," said Mr. Seton. "We are all in love with Lakewood; or, as Helen would say, 'crazy about it.'"

"Have you ever stopped at the other house, Mr. Seton, 'The Laurel?'"

"Yes, we spent a week there once, and were very comfortable. It is one of the best

kept hotels I have ever stopped at. We prefer this house because of the location; and then the young people seem to find more life here. For myself, I think I should be equally well satisfied at either house."

The conversation presently turned on the subject of the morning's discussion, whether a home in the country is preferable to one in the city. Mr. Seton explained how he and Mr. Gates had taken different sides on the question, and how their wives were divided on parallel lines.

"And what is your opinion, Miss Seton?" asked Hamilton, anxious to draw her into the conversation. "Is your preference the city, or the country, as a place of residence?"

"I very much prefer the country," replied Helen somewhat diffidently, "and I am in hopes that father will decide to build here in the Pines. Miss Gates thinks that I am crazy to want such a thing."

"I think you are quite right, Miss Seton," said Hamilton. "I imagine Miss Gates is not familiar with all the attractions offered by a life in the country."

"Indeed I have seen all I want of them, and more too," replied Dorothy, with a toss

of her head. "I would rather live on a side street in New York than own a palace in a humdrum country town."

"Good people," said Eugene, "if we are to have seats in the ball room, I suspect we had better be moving. The music has started, and quite a number have already gone in."

As they entered, Dorothy and Mr. Dudley at once joined the dancers on the floor, in the Castle Walk. They were partners again in the Tango, which followed a few minutes later. Most of the dances of the evening were of the same character—the "Modern Dances." After the first of these Mrs. Seton turned to her husband and said: "Well, Charles, what do you think of it?" The expression on her face indicated plainly what her own opinion was.

"Frankly," he replied, "I think it is simply disgusting."

Turning to Helen, who sat on her right, Mrs. Seton whispered a few words in her ear, to which Helen gave an assenting nod. A moment later Mr. Hamilton approached her and said: "Miss Seton, may I have the next dance with you?"

"I am very sorry, Mr. Hamilton," she replied; "mother does not approve of the modern dances." She might have added, with equal truth, "nor do I." After a momentary pause she said: "I think the third number of the programme is a waltz. I should be glad to dance that."

"It would give me great pleasure, Miss Seton"; and with her permission he took a seat near her. "Your good mother is evidently one of the conservatives in the matter of dancing," he continued, "and I thoroughly respect her views."

"Mother and father," said Helen, "have been accused of being rather old fashioned because of their views regarding modern dances, as well as modern plays. But I feel sure they are quite right."

"They are undoubtedly right," replied Hamilton, as he watched the half dozen couples who were now making a sensational spectacle of themselves on the floor, in the sinuous Tango. "If I were a father, I should hardly care to see my wife, or daughter, taking part in such an exhibition as that."

Mrs. Seton, who had overheard this last

remark, turned to him with a smile of approval.

The next was a waltz, and Helen and Mr. Hamilton joined the dancers on the floor. It was quite as enjoyable, and certainly no less graceful than the strenuous performance which preceded it. Eugene danced with his cousin, Miss Mason, and Ralph Gates with Miss Stanley.

At the intermission—following the sixth number—Mrs. Seton, who felt that she had seen as much as she cared to of the dancing, left the ball room with Mr. Seton, Helen and Mr. Hamilton. As they passed through the outer hall—the sun-parlor, as it is called—they saw Dorothy and Mr. Dudley walking together on the piazza, both smoking cigarettes.

“That’s quite up to date certainly,” remarked Mr. Seton.

“I think it is distressing,” said his wife. “Wouldn’t you suppose that her mother would object to Dorothy’s smoking, especially in a hotel?”

“Anna, I’m afraid that Mrs. Gates would call you ultra conservative,” replied Mr. Seton. “She says, you know, that objec-

tions are useless; that when Dorothy has made up her mind to do a thing, you might as well talk to the wind, as to ask her not to do it."

"I am really at a loss to know what to think of modern society women," said Mrs. Seton. "They seem to have lost their heads as well as their conscience. The things that are highest, and noblest and best in life appear to have little attraction for them; their minds and hearts are given up to sensualities, to vain baubles and frivolities. I can't comprehend how a modest, sensitive girl can subject herself to such indelicate handling, as we witnessed in the ball room. And some of the women on the floor were wives and mothers."

"Up to date, my dear; a moving picture of Modernism," said Mr. Seton.

"Well, Charles, whatever it is, I believe that women nowadays have lost the shield of maidenly modesty with which nature endowed them. In their dress, as well as in their manners, they are bold and apparently indifferent to any sense of delicacy and refinement. I do not, of course, mean to say that all women of the present day are

of this class. Thank God, there are a great many in the world, old and young, of the highest type of womanhood, who realize that there is something nobler and better to live for than self-indulgence and the gratification of their vanity. I speak of what is generally known as the modern woman; and society today, both high and low, seems to be made up very largely of that type.

“There was a time—not many years ago—when drinking cocktails in a public dining room would subject a woman to unpleasant criticism; today it is a common occurrence, and passes almost unnoticed. The bold, immodest garments worn, not only in the ball room, but in the streets, would have suggested to our mothers that they were in bad company, or had wandered into some questionable neighborhood. Is it possible that intelligent women are ignorant of the immoral, seductive influence which these things are exerting on susceptible minds? Or are they knowingly, and with evil intent doing the devil’s work? In any event they are leaving behind them the trail of the serpent, and are storing up for themselves a terrible reckoning against the day of



judgment, when they face their God, and are held accountable for the scandal they have given and the corruption they have sown."

Helen and Mr. Hamilton were seated a little apart, and had not listened to this conversation. The latter part of it, however, caught Mr. Hamilton's ear, and he at once became interested. Helen saw that he was giving his attention to what her mother said, and she remained quiet for a few moments. He quite agreed with the views of his friends regarding the ill regulated ideas and practices of modern society; but his criticism was chiefly based upon the ground that they violated the canons of good taste and propriety, rather than upon any consideration of the moral law. Mrs. Seton's remarks, which were prompted essentially by this higher motive, made an impression upon his mind which furnished food for reflection later on, when he recalled her words.

They all went to the dining room at eleven o'clock and partook of some light refreshments. Soon after, they bade each other good night.

"Come, Dorothy," said her mother, "it

is time for you to be getting your 'beauty sleep.' "

"O mother, no! I can't think of going to bed now. Why, I should feel as though I were living on a farm." And she walked off superbly with Mr. Dudley. An hour later she went up alone quietly to her room.

### III

#### Different Points of View

**T**HE Setons were up at an early hour the next morning, and assisted at the seven o'clock Mass, at "St. Mary's of the Lake" — walking to and from.

Nature at that hour is at her best. The air is fresh and cool and invigorating; the dew on the trees and flowers still glistens in the morning sunlight; the noise and bustle of the day have not yet begun, and the stillness is only broken by the glad chorus of the birds.

"How much our friends miss by lying in bed late in the morning, instead of coming out and filling their lungs with this delicious fresh air," said Helen.

"Indeed they do," replied Mrs. Seton; "this is the most enjoyable time of the day. I always pity people who prefer sleeping late, in close, stuffy rooms, to coming out and breathing the pure, fresh air of the early

morning, and enjoying the wonderful scenery which is peculiar to this hour of the day."

The little frame church—"St. Mary's of the Lake"—was, at that time, on Second Street, in the heart of the business district, a few blocks only from the hotel.<sup>1</sup> It was already well filled when our friends arrived there, but they were fortunate enough to secure seats well to the front. The celebrant of the Mass was a priest from New York, who was spending a few days at Lakewood. As he entered the sanctuary the Setons at once recognized their old friend, Dr. Chambers, whom they had often entertained at their home on Fifty-Seventh Street. He was a man of striking appearance, erect in figure, of rather dark complexion, clear-cut features and iron-gray hair. His bearing was dignified; he approached the altar reverently, with eyes downcast, said the prayers of the Mass in a low, quiet voice, and his whole demeanor, while offering the holy sacrifice, was edifying to the congregation. After reading the gospel he delivered a short but

<sup>1</sup> It has since been removed to a more eligible site on Main Street, adjoining the large plot on the corner of Madison Avenue, where a handsome stone church is soon to be erected.

practical instruction. He made no effort at all to be eloquent, but his voice was pleasing, and his enunciation so clear and distinct that his words were heard and understood without effort in every part of the church. His text was, "Charity suffereth long and is kind"; and the lesson he sought to enforce upon his hearers was that charity should be something more than an abstract virtue in our lives; that in our judgment of our neighbor and in our personal dealings with him we should be actuated always by the spirit of unselfishness and forbearance.

"How natural it looked to see our old friend, Dr. Chambers, at the altar," said Mrs. Seton, as they left the church, "and what a practical little instruction he gave us."

"He is always practical," replied Mr. Seton; "he can give good, sound advice in a few words as well as any speaker I have ever listened to. I think I will call on him a little later and invite him to dine with us. I was surprised to see him here, as I understood he and Father Burke were somewhere in the West, on one of their missionary tours."

The Setons were sitting out on the front piazza of the hotel, when Mr. Hamilton made his appearance soon after ten. "Good morning," he said, cheerily. "What a perfect day. I hope you are all feeling quite well."

"We are indeed," replied Mrs. Seton. "And you, Mr. Hamilton, how does Lakewood air agree with you?"

"Wonderfully well. A few hours' stay in Lakewood acts like a tonic with me."

"We are affected very much the same way," said Mrs. Seton. "I fancy there must be something in the soft Pine air, as well as the dry soil, that is conducive to health and good spirits. Mr. Seton has sometimes thought of building a home here."

"Indeed," exclaimed Mr. Hamilton. "I am very glad to hear it, and hope he will decide to do so. I am sure he couldn't do better. It is an ideal spot for those who have to work during the week in the city, and can enjoy the week-end rest in the country."

"Have you seen anything of our friends the Gates' this morning?" asked Mr. Seton.

"I just met Mr. and Mrs. Gates going in to breakfast as I came out," replied Mr. Hamilton. "Miss Dorothy and Ralph, they said, were not up yet. They are evidently not as fond of the morning air in the country as we are, Miss Seton."

"Isn't it delightful?" replied Helen. "I think it is the most enjoyable time of the day."

"Did any of you think of going to church this morning?" asked Hamilton, addressing himself particularly to Mrs. Seton.

"We all went to the seven o'clock Mass this morning, Mr. Hamilton, at 'St. Mary's of the Lake.' We are Catholics."

"Are you really?" he said, with a look of some surprise; and there was a momentary lull in the conversation. He quickly recovered himself, however, when he realized that Helen's eyes were fixed upon him, evidently curious to see what effect her mother's remark had made.

"I have always had a great respect for the Catholic Church," he continued, "and although I don't quite understand the distinctions of creed and dogma which separate her from the various Protestant denomina-

tions, I have noticed that Catholics are much more practical and thorough in the observance of their religious duties than the members of any of the other churches."

"It is very generous of you to speak as you do, Mr. Hamilton. It shows that at least you are not bigoted. I hope you will become sufficiently interested in the subject to examine into the distinctions you refer to, not only of creed and dogma, but of moral doctrine and practice, which separate the various Protestant denominations from the old Mother Church."

"I don't think, Mrs. Seton, that I have a particle of bigotry in my nature. I am a Protestant, but I have no sympathy, no patience in fact, with the Protestant sects who seem to make it a cardinal point of their religion to wage incessant war upon the Catholic Church—in their conferences, in their books and religious papers, and even in the pulpit. I don't believe such a course ever drew men nearer to God, or increased the membership of any denomination. It certainly does not suggest the spirit of Christian charity."

Hamilton spoke with an earnestness and



sincerity that surprised his listeners. After a moment's silence he continued.

"I am not much of a churchman, I am sorry to say, although I occasionally attend the services at St. Thomas' with my father and mother. They are Episcopalians. These Sunday social gatherings are very pleasant; we meet many of our friends there, the music is delightful, and occasionally there is an eloquent sermon; but with it all it has often occurred to me that there was something wanting. I believe that something more than luxurious surroundings, sweet music, and well rounded periods, intended to tickle the ears of an aristocratic congregation, is necessary to inculcate the principles of Christianity. And therefore I say I have a great respect for the Catholic Church; and I have often felt that I would like very much to know more of her history, her doctrine and her practices, and to understand, without prejudice, the secret of her power over all classes, rich as well as poor, the educated and powerful as well as the illiterate and simple minded masses, by which she draws them around her altars and makes earnest, devoted Christians of them."

Helen unconsciously drew a long breath as he finished. Hamilton was a bit surprised himself at his own earnest language, or, as he afterwards said to Eugene, at his maiden effort at controversy.

Mr. Seton, who had been quietly listening to the conversation, turned presently to him and said: "Mr. Hamilton, you have suggested, I think, the crucial point bearing upon any inquiry of this character, when you speak of *knowing and understanding without prejudice*. When one enters upon the study of any subject concerning which he has unconsciously, or without due reflection, imbibed certain definite views, he has before him a double task — that of unlearning the erroneous opinions which he has formed, and which have clouded and perhaps prejudiced his mind, as well as that of acquiring correct knowledge of the subject matter. When the inquiry concerns questions of a religious character, the situation becomes still more difficult. I believe there are few non-Catholics quite free from prejudice against the old Church; and if they are still sufficiently fair-minded, and have the moral courage to undertake an impartial examina-

tion of her history, her doctrines and her practices, the way is beset with many difficulties for them, because of the falsification of history by modern writers inimical to the Church, the readiness of the world to accept evil report rather than good, and the obstacles thrown in the way of an honest investigation, by a thousand conflicting interests."

"Good morning to you all," said Mr. Gates, as he walked out with a cigar in one hand and the morning paper in the other. "I need not ask how you are; your faces tell me you are all well and in good spirits. I have just been reading a graphic account of last night's festivities, and I see the paper mentions you all as guests of 'The Laurel-in-the-Pines.'"

"That is very kind of the paper, I am sure," said Mr. Seton. "We must accept the notice as complimentary to ourselves, and hope it may be news to some of our absent friends."

"Would any of you like to play golf this morning?" asked Mr. Gates. "I have just been invited by a member of the Country Club to make use of their field, which is an

excellent one; and he says we may get our lunch or dinner at the Club, if we wish."

"I should enjoy it very much myself," replied Mr. Seton, "but we were planning to motor down to Forked River this afternoon. Perhaps some of the young people would prefer visiting the Country Club. Helen, I know you are interested in the trip to the river. Eugene what do you say?"

"I think I'll try to beat Mr. Gates at golf," replied Eugene.

"And you, Mr. Hamilton, which proposition appeals to you?"

"If I may have the pleasure, Mr. Seton, I think I should be glad to have a glimpse of Forked River."

"We should be glad to have you with us, Mr. Hamilton. What of the others, Mr. Gates?"

"My wife and Ralph will join us on the links," replied Mr. Gates. "She will be down in a moment; Ralph is taking his breakfast. Dorothy and Mr. Dudley are going off on some excursion — rowing on the lake, I believe. Eugene, I guess we had better be off as soon as possible. Have you your clubs with you?"

"O yes," he replied. "I always bring

them. I will be ready in ten minutes." Bidding the others good morning, he and Mr. Gates hurried off.

Half an hour later Dorothy and Dudley appeared, on their way to the boathouse. Much to their chagrin they discovered, when they got there, that no boats were to be had on Sunday. Determined not to be cheated out of a day's outing, they decided to take seats in one of the big sight-seeing cars touring between Lakewood and Asbury Park — the New Jersey Mecca of Sunday pleasure-seekers. There they spent the day, dining and wining *al fresco*, watching the motley crowds sporting in the surf and frolicking on the board walks, and taking part themselves in some of the unconventional amusements that have made that seaside resort so attractive to the masses. They did not return to Lakewood until evening; but their prolonged absence seemed to occasion very little anxiety to either Mr. or Mrs. Gates, who were quite confident that Dorothy "knew how to take care of herself."

Mr. Seton called on Dr. Chambers at the rectory during the morning and was very cordially received by him. The Doctor had

been unexpectedly summoned East, on business, from Cleveland, where he and Father Burke were giving a mission. He was to return that afternoon to New York, and expected to take the night train West to resume his work there. He was unable therefore to accept the Setons' kind invitation to dinner that evening, but promised to dine with the family on Fifty-Seventh Street, when he returned to New York in the Fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Seton, with Helen and Mr. Hamilton, engaged an automobile early in the afternoon and motored to Tom's River. From there they pushed on eight miles further South to the picturesque Forked River, where they visited the Pine Beach Inn. The scenery here is wild and attractive, and the tourists from Lakewood spent a delightful hour on the piazza of the hotel, and the grounds about it, enjoying the natural beauty of the surrounding country. After some light refreshment they started on their return trip about five o'clock.

An incident occurred on the way which illustrated clearly the character of Helen Seton. They were about halfway between Tom's River and Lakewood, when an auto-

mobile, in which there were two men and two women, coming from behind, dashed by them at breakneck speed, nearly running into their car. "That fellow must be drunk," said Mr. Seton. A hundred yards ahead they saw an elderly man walking with a cane. He kept well to the right of the road, but the rapidly flying car was driven so recklessly, swerving from one side to the other, that the mud-guard struck him a violent blow and sent him to the ground in a heap. The speed of the car was slackened, and the four occupants all turned their heads. Seeing that their victim was either killed, or badly injured, one of the women called out loudly to the chauffeur to "go ahead," and to "hurry up"—which he did. As the Seton car drew near the fallen man, Helen sprang out and ran to his side, followed quickly by the others. As she bent over him and took his hand, she said: "He is living, but is unconscious, and has a bad cut on his forehead." Mr. Seton and Mr. Hamilton lifted him gently and carried him to one side of the road, where they laid him on the grass. Helen dropped on her knees and wiped the blood and dust from his face

with her handkerchief; and when Hamilton brought a pitcher of water, as she asked him to do, from a neighboring house, she bathed his forehead, made a compress with which she covered the wound, and bound up his head in her father's handkerchief. In the meantime several automobiles that were passing, stopped and people gathered about to see what the trouble was. Among them was a gentleman who recognized the wounded man.

"If some of you will help me to get him into my automobile," he said, "I will take him to the hospital which is near by."

He was lifted into the car and hurried away. The accident had a somewhat depressing effect upon our party, and little was said during the ride home. At the dinner table, however, where they met the tired golf players, the accident on the River Road was recounted, and Mr. Hamilton was enthusiastic in his praise of Helen, much to her embarrassment, for the generous assistance she had given.

They all returned on an early train Monday morning to New York.



## IV

### Speculating on a Margin

**T**HE offices of Wallace & Brooks, on Wall Street, presented an animated appearance on Thursday morning, May 30th. The market had been sluggish the day before, but closed strong, and it was confidently expected that the bears would be driven to cover, and that the outside public, tempted as usual by a rising market, would put in an appearance "on the street" this morning. The customers, gathered before the blackboard, in the office of Wallace & Brooks, wore cheerful faces and chatted good-humoredly, as the clerk chalked down the soaring quotations, and noted the increased activity on the floor of the Exchange. Norman Dudley had bought on margin 500 shares of Reading at 173, and 500 Missouri Pacific at 38. Ralph Gates was a silent partner in these transactions. He was obliged to conceal his interest, as Wallace &

Brooks, in whose office he was an employé, did not allow any of their clerks to speculate.

Dudley and Gates went out to lunch together at noon, and after refreshing themselves with a cocktail grew very merry at the table over their good luck, and questioned whether they had best take their profits at once, or wait till tomorrow, in anticipation of a stronger market in the morning.

"I tell you, Ralph, I have been watching the situation closely, and I am convinced we are going to have a bull market for some days to come. The market is oversold, conditions are ripe for a healthy advance, and the public are buying freely on every decline."

"I think you are right, Norman," replied his friend; "and yet there is no telling what may happen in Wall Street, you know."

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained," insisted Dudley. "As things are now, we are nearly \$2000 better off than we were this morning."

But alas! "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." There was a momentary lull in the market at midday, soon after our young friends had gone out

to lunch, and then a sudden pressure to sell. Profit taking was in evidence, the bears made a tremendous onslaught on the standard stocks, and stop-loss orders helped to aggravate the "slump." The faces that had serenely smiled around the tickers all the morning, lost their cheerfulness and frowned as they read all along the line the sinking figures, telling that many hopes were dashed.

As Dudley and Gates entered the office and took in with a glance at the board the changed condition of the market, their faces fell and they stood for a moment dazed. Before Dudley had taken his seat, an office boy handed him a note which read as follows:

Office of WALLACE & BROOKS  
Bankers and Brokers,  
NEW YORK, May 30.

1 Mr. NORMAN DUDLEY

DEAR SIR, — Please make good your margin by sending us your check for \$1000 before 3 o'clock today.

Yours very truly,  
WALLACE & BROOKS.

He turned pale as he read and reread this peremptory demand, and then his face became flushed as he stared at the figures on the board before him. Ralph, who was on the point of leaving the room, looked up and saw the trouble in Dudley's face. He went to him at once, and laying his hand upon his shoulder said to him in a low voice: "What's the matter, Norman?"

"The matter? Read that."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Ralph, as he glanced at the note.

"Damn it, I don't know what I am going to do. I haven't any thousand dollars to put up, nor half that amount. I suppose I'll have to let the whole d— thing go to h—."

"Norman, you talk like a fool," replied Ralph. "Sell your stocks when the market has gone to pieces, and the bears are on top? Why it would be idiotic."

"But what can we do?" said Dudley. "If this demand isn't met promptly, the stock will be sold before three o'clock, whether we like it or not."

"Norman, you go into the private office and see Mr. Brooks. I don't believe that when he dictated that note he knew you

still had ten shares of Northern Pacific deposited here as collateral security. He's a half way decent sort of a fellow, and may let up on you."

"All right, Ralph, I'll try it. He can't do more than say no."

Five minutes later Dudley emerged from the private office, looking woefully serious. Ralph saw at a glance that the interview had not been satisfactory.

"What does he say, Norman?"

"O he's a hog," replied Dudley. "He said he was very sorry, but the market was too uncertain to take any chances at this stage of the game. When I reminded him that I had ten shares of Northern Pacific with him now, as security, besides my cash margin, he looked up a bit surprised, and then said: 'Well, Dudley, if you will deposit with us right away \$500 more margin, we will hold the stock over until tomorrow. Things may open up better in the morning; in fact I think they will.' He might as well have told me to jump into the river; I haven't any \$500 to put up. It's d— bad luck; that's all there is about it."

"Listen, Norman; you sit down here

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quietly; I'll see what I can do. I'll be back in about quarter of an hour." He whispered to one of the clerks, and taking his hat left the room. He hurried over to Gates & Hadley's, importers and commission merchants on Broad Street, and went directly to his father's private office. As he entered the room rather excitedly, his father saw at once that something had disturbed him.

"Well, Ralph," he said, "what has brought you here at this hour of the day? Has anything happened?"

"Father, I want \$500 right away for my friend Norman Dudley. If he don't raise that amount before three o'clock, he will be sold out, and will lose some of the best stocks in the market."

"How does that happen, Ralph?"

"Why, the cursed bears have made a raid upon the market this afternoon, there has been a slump, and Wallace & Brooks have called upon Dudley to put up another \$500, or be sold out. He hasn't got it, and is all broke up over the matter."

"But, my dear son, why should I interest myself in Mr. Dudley's affairs? My ac-

quaintance with him is very slight, and I know nothing about his responsibility."

"Pop, I've got to have the money, and there's no time to argue about it. Dudley's all right."

Without further hesitation Mr. Gates rose from his seat, went to the little window opening into the cashier's office and said: "Mr. Brown, will you please make out a check on the Bank of Commerce, to the order of Ralph Gates, for \$500." As he returned to his desk, he said, rather apologetically: "I hope, my dear boy, you are making no mistake. Don't act rashly."

"O Dudley's no fool," replied Ralph; "he knows what he's about."

Waiting impatiently for the check to be signed, he merely said, as his father handed it to him, "thanks," and hurried off. When Mr. Gates mentioned the occurrence to his partner a little later, Mr. Hadley remarked: "Don't you think, Mr. Gates, that's encouraging the modern craze for gambling?"

"O I don't know," replied the indulgent father. "The young fellows have got to learn by personal experience, I suppose. When they have sowed their wild oats, and

gotten over their youthful follies, they will probably settle down to business like the rest of us."

The young speculators had saved the day; at least they congratulated themselves on the escape they had had, while they were dining sumptuously at an up-town hotel that evening. Their appetite, however, for excitement was not yet satisfied; the game of chance was always fascinating to their restless spirits, and they decided to wind up the day with a visit to a neighboring gambling house. They were admitted to this establishment, through the basement entrance, by the colored custodian, who recognized them through the round window in the heavy door. As he drew back the bolt and opened the iron gate, he bowed profusely and said: "Good evening, Mr. Dudley; glad to see you, Mr. Gates. Walk in, gentlemen; you will find several of your friends up stairs." As they entered the spacious parlors on the floor above, the scene was animating. The large, elegant, French chandelier, hung from the centre of the ceiling, lit up the room brilliantly. Velvet carpets, oriental rugs, luxurious furniture, lace curtains,



marble statuary, choice paintings on the walls, all were in excellent taste, and might give the visitor the impression that he was in the parlor of a refined private family, but for the fact that the guests, lounging about, were all men, and most of them smoking. There were a few middle aged gentlemen in the company, and perhaps three or four of elderly appearance; but the majority were young men, whose exaggerated dress and affected manners distinguished them as modern sports. Mr. Burton, the proprietor of the establishment, met our friends graciously as they entered the room.

"Good evening, gentlemen; I am very glad to see you; you are both looking quite well. How has the market been today?"

"Gone to pieces," replied Dudley.

"No, has it indeed? Why, I met some of your friends this noon, at lunch, and they seemed quite elated over the condition of things on the street."

"The market opened strong this morning, Mr. Burton, and continued to advance until noon," said Ralph; "then the bears started a vigorous raid all along the line and hammered quotations down below zero."

"The ups and downs of life are very much the same, I suspect, everywhere," remarked the polite gambler. "If it were not for the spice of variety here, I am afraid I should have to retire from business, and you would no longer honor me with your presence."

"Hallo, George; Billy, how are you?" exclaimed Ralph, as he greeted two crest-fallen young gentlemen, who came down the front stairs and entered the parlor. "You know my friend, Mr. Dudley? Norman, shake hands with Mr. Foster—and Mr. Clark. How are things going on up stairs, boys?"

"Don't ask me," replied Foster. "This isn't my lucky night."

"That old skeesicks Willard, who wouldn't miss a thousand, if he lost it, just passed in his chips at the bank, with over five hundred to the good," said his friend, "while my innings cost me a week's salary."

"O don't let that worry you, my dear fellow; the pendulum must swing both ways. Mr. Dudley and I were stung worse than that today; weren't we, Norman?"

"I should rather say we were," replied Dudley; "and the worst of it is, we don't

yet know how badly hurt we are, or how we are coming out."

"Gentlemen," said their affable host, approaching the group with a genial smile, "won't you all walk back to the next room, and have some refreshments?"

The invitation was quite agreeable, and bowing their acceptance, the quartette proceeded at once to the dining room, in the rear of the parlor, where they found a generous supply of creature comforts provided. Upon the large table in the centre of the room stood an immense punch bowl, from which a dapper young colored waiter was ladling out the delicious beverage and serving it in crystal cups to the convivial company. The flowing bowl was flanked, on either side, by decanters containing various wines and liquors; and on the opposite side of the table an attendant was kept busy serving, from two silver platters, chicken and lobster salad. Club sandwiches and other more substantial hot dishes were served to those who cared for them, at small tables on two sides of the room; coffee and cigars were passed both here and in the parlor. Everything was as free as the air, the only

expense permitted being the generous tips that were handed out to the attendants. After a buffet lunch and a cup of delicious hot coffee, Ralph Gates turned to Foster and said: "Well, George, you and Billy found the atmosphere rather chilly up stairs, this evening, did you?"

"Just a streak of beastly luck," replied Foster. "I had no business anyway to buck the tiger to-night. As I came out of the house this morning, the first thing I saw was a string of thirteen mules passing by; then an automobile numbered thirteen hundred; and on my way down I believe every car I passed had a thirteen at the head or tail of its license number. When I reached Wall Street, the big policeman on the corner wore the ill-starred number on his shield and on his hat, and as I entered the office, the hands of the clock pointed defiantly to thirteen minutes of nine. Now what do you think of that? Wasn't it enough to make a fellow 'sit up and take notice'?"

"George, you are talking nonsense," said Ralph. "If thirteen brought you ill-luck, what of the other fellows—the bears, for instance, who have been making money all

day? The same drove of mules must have passed some of them; the automobiles too, with evil omen in their odd numbers; and that flower of the Broadway squad, who decorates the front of Trinity Church, must have nodded to them this morning. How do you suppose they escaped the ill-luck of your baker's dozen?"

"I suppose, Ralph, they didn't see the warning that greeted me. It makes all the difference in the world, my boy."

"Bosh, George; that's too silly to talk about. Do you suppose that a man's success or failure in anything can be predicated on the apparition of what you call the ill-starred number thirteen, in whatever shape it confronts him? Look here, Norman, the old clock on the mantelpiece points to just thirteen minutes past eleven, and I notice there are just thirteen gentlemen in this room. Rory O'Moore says there's luck in odd numbers, and I don't see why this much abused number thirteen should be any less favored than the rest of them. Let us go up stairs and show these young gentlemen that the old superstition has no terrors for us."

"All right, Ralph; I'm with you," replied Dudley; and they walked off together.

The room which they now visited on the second floor, presented a scene of quiet, but intense activity, as they entered. There was very little talking going on; every one seemed to be intently watching the turn of a card, or the fall of a little ball, upon which his money was staked. On one side stood a faro table with its elaborate outfit, behind which a keen eyed man, seated on a high stool, drew repeatedly the top card from a pack, faced downward, and forced upward by a spring in the dealer's box; each draw indicating the loss or gain of a player.

On the opposite side stood the roulette table, around which half a dozen or more gentlemen were watching the pirouetting of the little ivory ball in the revolving disk of the machine. At a desk in the further corner a very polite young man was busily engaged taking in cash and checks, and handing out chips, or counters, representing various amounts. Through the half-open sliding doors were seen in the back room several groups, sitting at round tables playing poker. Both rooms were handsomely

carpeted, and the walls were decorated with sporting pictures, portraits of famous horses, and certain works of art of a realistic character, not generally found in polite homes.

Ralph had made ten dollars at the faro table, and Dudley had lost fifteen on the roulette wheel, when suddenly loud voices were heard from the street, and a moment later ominous sounds of pounding at the basement door. All activities were suspended, and there was a hush in the room as the cashier hurriedly stowed away in his safe the cash which the night's business had brought in. Then securing the ponderous door with its combination lock, he turned and said quietly: "Gentlemen, it is evident that we are being raided; I can only say, keep your heads, and — *sauve qui peut*."

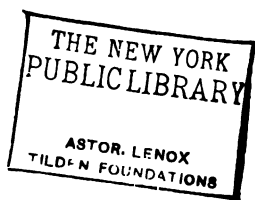
The excitement became intense; alarm and distress were depicted on many faces; men were asking themselves, "what will my family and my friends think, if they see my name in the morning papers, in connection with this affair?" There was a rush for the stairs in an effort to escape; but escape was impossible.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Burton very calmly,



*“Good Evening, Gentlemen”*





"the house is surrounded by the police; there is nothing for us to do but to await results with as much equanimity as possible."

As the others were making their mad rush for the stairs, Ralph seized Dudley by the arm and said: "Norman, stand where you are; there is an easier way to get out of this house than by the front door; follow me." Dudley did as he was told to do. As soon as the rest of the company had reached the parlor floor, Ralph, with Dudley following, made his way to the top floor, then up the ladder to the barred skylight, which he unfastened quickly and threw back.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said a stalwart police sergeant, who with two other officers stood on the roof, evidently expecting them. "It was very kind of you to open that door for us; it's so much easier to enter the house quietly through the skylight than to batter down Mr. Burton's heavy front doors. Now, my good friends, if you will kindly face about, and make your way down stairs, I'll follow you, and we will see what's going on." He blew his whistle loudly and started down, close be-

hind the crestfallen Gates and Dudley, saying to the two men he left on the roof: "Boys, close the skylight after me, and let no one up; use your night sticks if you have to."

Captain Ely, who had planned the important raid to-night, conducted it personally. Besides posting several of his men in the rear, to prevent any escape in that direction, he ordered his sergeant to make his way to the roof, through one of the adjoining houses and guard the skylight of the Burton establishment. In case any one, attempting to escape, should make the way clear for their entrance there, the sergeant was to blow his whistle to notify the Captain, and then hurry down through the house and open the front doors, which would save the Captain much time and trouble, and Mr. Burton no little expense—in other words, would avoid the necessity of battering down the heavy doors, or smashing the front windows. The noisy pounding which had thus far gone on, and had so startled the inmates, was intended merely as a persuasive argument to induce Burton to admit the officers of the law without compulsion. As

soon as the sergeant had unbolted and opened the door, there was a movement on the part of several of the young gentlemen to slip out. They were met by several policemen on the front steps, and invited back into the house. Two large police omnibuses were waiting, and into these the whole party from Burton's were given a free ride to the police station, much against their individual and collective protest. Two policemen were left in the house to protect the property, and to see that no one was in hiding there. In the Police Court Burton and his three associates were held under bail—which was furnished an hour later—and the rest of the company, after giving their names, fictitious of course in all cases, were dismissed. As they walked off, with hats drawn down over their eyes, to prevent recognition, Ralph said to his friend: "Norman, I'm beginning to think Foster knew what he was about, when he counted those mules this morning. Thirteen don't seem to be a lucky number for us to work on."

## The Home of Gaunt Poverty

**T**HE lower East side of New York is the most densely populated district in the world. The great cities of Europe and Asia present no parallel, in point of congestion, to conditions existing in this section, extending for miles along the East River. To one not familiar with this overcrowded district a first visit there is a revelation. The streets in some quarters are almost impassable, because of the thousands of people of all ages—including pedlers with push-carts—who throng them. The costumes worn, especially those of the women and children, are somewhat primitive; the want of cleanliness is often revolting, and the odors make a prolonged stay there unpleasant.

The crowded, unsanitary condition, moreover, of many of the tenement houses is deplorable. Little sunshine ever finds its

way into the cramped quarters; pure fresh air is an unwonted luxury; the furniture in the apartments is generally of the plainest, cheapest kind, and there is little anywhere to suggest the comforts of home life. One is led to ask what possible enjoyment these people can get out of their seemingly miserable existence.

Perhaps no single block in this whole section swarms with more human beings in the same area, than that which is bounded by Grand, Broom, Ridge and Pitt streets. It was in one of the poorest tenements in this block, on the Pitt street side, that a very destitute family occupied an upper rear apartment at the time we are speaking of. Tim Sharkey, a stevedore, was a dissolute, worthless sort of a character—that is, he had become so. Twenty years before, his quick wit and genial manners had won the love of Mary O'Neil, a pretty, estimable young girl. They were married, and the first ten years of their wedded life was happy enough; but after that, Tim began to associate with a rough lot of fellows on the river front, took to drink, lost all respect for himself, and led his wife and children a

miserable existence. They had had five children, three of whom were still living; the eldest a lad of eighteen, who had contracted his father's bad habits, a girl of twelve, who was her mother's help and comfort, and a babe of six months.

Sharkey had been on a prolonged spree of three days; Jack, the son, who did little to help his mother, had been away from home for more than a week; the infant child was dying—literally starving—and Katie was obliged to stay at home from school, to assist her mother, who was in poor health.

It was a clear, beautiful night in June, and half of New York were out enjoying the delightful weather, or visiting the many places of amusement. What strange contrasts make up the life of a great city like New York. Health and happiness, to all appearance, reign supreme in one quarter, while in a neighboring street, not far away, poverty and distress, with sickness and sorrow make life a seeming death.

A dark cloud certainly hung over the cheerless home of the family on Pitt street to-night. Mother and daughter, with gaunt, yet loving faces, wet with tears, sat watch-

ing a dying infant in the poor mother's arms, with no one near to offer any comfort or relief, save only God's holy angels, who were waiting to take a spotless soul beyond the shadow of earthly sorrow to its home in heaven.

"Katie dear," said the afflicted mother, "would you mind going down to Rooney's, to see if your father is there? Tell him the child is dying; would he like to see him once more before he is gone?"

The little girl, weak from hunger and long vigils, rose quickly from her stool and made her way down through the dark halls to the street. Turning a few steps to the right, she stopped in front of a dilapidated looking place, from which she heard sounds of loud talking and laughter that grated harshly upon her young heart. Hesitating a moment, she approached the door and with a trembling hand lifted the latch. Through the smoke and foul atmosphere which filled the dingy room, she saw a dozen or more men, most of them sitting around small shabby tables, drinking and smoking, some of them playing with dice.

"Come in, darling, come in; don't be shy,"



said one of the red faced men near the door, with a leer. She advanced a few steps into the room, and stood looking around eagerly; then hurried past the group of staring, laughing men, and approached her father, who sat with one or two others on a bench against the rear wall, in a sleepy, stupid condition. Laying her hand upon his shoulder she said to him: "Father dear, baby is dying; mother wants to know, won't you come home now and stay with her?" and she burst out crying.

"What's the matter with you, girl?" said the intoxicated man; "what are you here for? Go home and go to bed."

"O do, father, please come home with me now; mother is sick, and she's all alone." But he only lapsed back against the wall, muttering half audibly: "Go 'way—go home."

The child turned and left him; but as she passed the men at the tables, their faces were serious, and one of them spoke up kindly: "Poor little girl, I'm sorry for you." As she disappeared through the door, the same man turned and called out: "Tim Sharkey, you're a dirty brute; you ought to

go home and take care of your family." The only reply he got from his drunken companion was: "Shut your mouth, you d—fool; it's none of your business."

As the broken-hearted child stood outside sobbing, a well dressed middle aged man, who was hurrying towards Grand street, stopped for a moment, looked at her, then approaching closer to make sure he was not mistaken, exclaimed: "Why, Katie, what is the matter? What has happened? Why are you on the street at this hour of the night?" She only sobbed more bitterly, and tried to cover her face with her little arms. Taking her by both hands, he looked into her face and said: "Tell me, Katie, what is the trouble?"

"O Mr. Cotter," she replied, her voice broken by her sobs, "father is in there, drunk, with a lot of bad men; mother is sick, all alone, and our little baby is dying."

Mr. Cotter was the President of the St. Vincent de Paul Conference of the Church of St. Teresa, on Rutgers street, near by. He had been out late, visiting a poor sick family, who for some time past had been helped by the faithful followers of Ozanam;

that wonderful society, which, in a quiet, unassuming way, is doing so much charitable work among the poor, the world over. Taking her gently by the hand he said: "Come, Katie, come with me. Let us go and see your mother."

She led him to the house, and up through the dark halls to the home of the destitute family—to the home of gaunt poverty. Mrs. Sharkey still sat swaying her body backward and forward, her arms clasped tightly about the little babe resting on her breast. As they entered the room, she recognized Mr. Cotter with an effort to smile.

"Katie, did you find your father?" she asked in a weak voice. "Is he coming?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Cotter quickly; "he is coming soon. Mrs. Sharkey, I am sorry to hear you are not well. And how is the dear baby?"

"O he has been very ill now for three days, Mr. Cotter, and he hasn't taken a mouthful of food today; indeed we haven't a drop of milk in the house, if he wanted it."

"Let me see the little fellow," he said, and as the poor woman made no objection, he

took the child in his arms. Going over to the dim light of the solitary oil lamp, which was on the table, he looked closely into the emaciated little face, and took the tiny white hand in his own; and then with a startled look on his face, lifted the lid of one of the eyes. For a few moments he paced slowly up and down the small room, as though the child were asleep, looking anxiously in the meantime at the afflicted mother. Then laying him down carefully on the bed, and covering him with a piece of old threadbare blanket, he turned to the sick, worn woman and said: "Mrs. Sharkey, he is not suffering; he is not hungry." She opened her eyes wide and stared at him. It was a terrible ordeal for the kindly heart of the visitor, but he knew it was necessary for him to speak. Laying his hand gently on her shoulder, he said: "Your dear baby is with the angels in heaven."

Her eyes became fixed upon him, with a terrified expression, for a moment; then suddenly throwing up her hands wildly, she uttered a scream and fell forward. He caught her in his arms as she fell, and with Katie's assistance got her onto the bed, in

an unconscious condition. All that he could do now was to let as much fresh air as possible into the room, and direct Katie to bathe her mother's face with cold water. Hastening over to his own house on Henry street he explained the situation to his sister, and then called up Dr. McGuire, who lived near by.

Miss Teresa Cotter, a member of what is known as the Ladies' Auxiliary of St. Vincent de Paul Society, was an earnest, practical worker in the charities of the parish. Within fifteen minutes after she was called, she was ready to start, carrying with her several articles of food which she knew would be needed. Dr. McGuire joined them at his door, and together they hurried on to the relief of the desolate family on Pitt street. There was work there for all of them; but when they left an hour later, the sick mother and her womanly little daughter were sleeping quietly; much had been accomplished and further assistance promised.

Early the following morning Mr. Cotter called up Eugene Seton on the phone and said to him: "Mr. Seton, you asked me some

time ago to let you know of any case of suffering, or destitution, in which you might perhaps be of assistance. Such a case has just been called to my attention. The father of the family is a drunkard; the son is off on a prolonged spree; the mother is critically ill, and prostrated by the death last night of her baby; her only daughter, a child of twelve years, herself half starved, is alone caring for her sick mother. Their destitution is really pitiable."

"I will go and see them at once," replied Eugene. "When and where can I meet you?"

"I will be at the corner of Grand and Pitt streets at nine o'clock, Mr. Seton."

"Very well, I will be there promptly at that time, Mr. Cotter."

When Helen heard, at the breakfast table, of the conversation over the phone, she insisted upon accompanying her brother on his errand of mercy, and found no difficulty in obtaining her mother's consent. They went in their own car, which they left at the corner of Grand and Pitt streets, realizing that it would not be altogether wise to take it into the latter street, even were it

possible for them to make their way there in an automobile.

Half an hour after they had left Fifty-Seventh Street, Dorothy Gates called to see Helen.

"Why, Dorothy," exclaimed Mrs. Seton, "what has brought you out so early this morning?"

"O Mrs. Seton, I am half distracted with the maddening work of getting my clothes ready for a Summer in the country. I hate the country anyhow; half the time there's nothing doing there; and yet one has to dress just the same, or be nobody. I received a message from my dressmaker last night, that three of my gowns are ready for a fitting, and she wanted me to come down as early as possible this morning. Two of my new hats are not satisfactory, and I've got to change them; altogether my hands are full, and I don't know which way to turn next. Where is Helen? I want her to go along and help me select my hats."

"Why, Dorothy, Helen and Eugene have just gone down to Pitt street, to help some poor family who are in distress."

"Pitt street, Mrs. Seton! Why that is

one of the vilest sections of the City, a typical New York slum. I have heard Ralph speak of it, and of the horrible, disgusting sights one meets with there. I should think you would be afraid to have Helen go near such a place."

"O no, Dorothy, Eugene is with her."

"What's the matter with the people she has gone to see?" asked Dorothy. "I hope they haven't any contagious disease."

"I am sure they haven't," replied Mrs. Seton. "A friend of Eugene's telephoned him this morning, telling him of the distressing circumstances of the family, and suggesting that he might find it a worthy case for his charity."

"Indeed! Well did you ever hear of anything equal to that? It seems to me it was rather cool for him to suggest to Helen and Eugene the idea of going down into that God-forsaken part of the world, to make martyrs of themselves and waste their money on lazy people. If they have got into a scrape, why don't their friends down there help them out?"

"My dear Dorothy, we don't look upon the matter in that spirit at all. We regard it



as a sacred privilege to help the poor and afflicted. We derive more benefit, and real happiness, from helping others, than we can possibly give them. There's nothing half so sweet in life as charity; and when it involves a little self-sacrifice, it helps us to govern ourselves, and draws us nearer to God. Dorothy dear, we are better for forgetting ourselves sometimes and thinking of others."

"O well, if you look at it in that way, I suppose it's all right," replied her young friend, with an indifferent expression on her face. "But I guess my dressmaker is thinking about me just now, and I had better be off. Please ask Helen to let me know when she can go with me to look at hats." And she bade Mrs. Seton good morning.

If there is any good work in the way of practical charity which two earnest, devoted women can not accomplish, aided by two equally earnest and devoted brothers, it is not of the kind which Helen Seton and Teresa Cotter were called upon to perform this morning. Food and clothes were provided, and arrangements were made for fur-

nishing the bare rooms with many articles needed for ordinary comfort. Before they left, a little white casket, holding baby's body, with lighted candles at the head, stood near the window, covered with fresh flowers.

On leaving Pitt street our friends rode around to the rectory on Henry street, and called on Father Grace. From him they learned a good deal concerning the poor family in whom they had interested themselves. Tim Sharkey, he told them, was a very respectable young fellow when he married Mary O'Neil; and she was one of the most estimable girls in the parish. Some eight or ten years ago he began to associate with bad companions, and to drink heavily. Things went from bad to worse, and now he was absolutely a degenerate, and a disgrace to his people. His eldest son, Jack, had been sent to the public school, against his mother's wishes, had associated there with evil minded boys, and if he had not quite lost his faith he had at least become wholly indifferent to his religious duties. Little Katie attended the parochial school, taught by the Sisters of Charity, and was an exemplary child.

“You see, Mr. Seton, when the young people go to the public schools, they hear nothing of their religion, except an occasional slur, and receive no moral training whatever. The result is what might be expected; they become disobedient, and independent of all authority; they yield to the temptations which beset them on all sides, because their hearts have not been drawn to God, and their moral character has not been educated. They too often become very undesirable members of society. It is useless to expect boys to grow up to become good men, when their education consists entirely of the secular knowledge which they acquire in our modern schools; where no ideals are set before them, and where all learning is essentially grounded on positivism. You might as well expect to ‘gather figs from thorns.’ Is it not as true now as ever it was, that ‘a good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good’? I am convinced, gentlemen, that the present system of godless schools is producing a generation of very indifferent Christians, if not positive atheists; and in the ultimate analysis that means immoral men. I have

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talked with both Tim and his son about their evil habits, and tried to get them to reform. Perhaps the present sad occurrence may bring them to their senses. We open a mission here on Sunday, and I will try to get them to attend."

To anticipate somewhat the present story, it may be mentioned here that as a result of the efforts of the good people who took part in the conference that morning, at the Henry street Rectory, aided by the grace of God, Tim Sharkey at present holds the position of janitor in one of the large corporation buildings down town; Jack is making good wages as a plumber; both of them are temperate, and both regular attendants, with wife and mother, at St. Teresa's. Katie is one of the best scholars in the parish school.

## VI

### Quite up to Date

**N**ORMAN, you are a goose; I don't believe you mean half of what you say."

"It is cruel of you to say that, Dorothy; you know I adore you, and I shall simply be miserable, unless you give me some little hope, before you go away this summer."

"Adore me!" she exclaimed, with a proud toss of her head. "And to how many other sweethearts are you paying the same fervent adoration just at the present time?"

"My dear Dorothy, you are my only one. Why do you torment me with your doubts?"

She looked at him for a moment with an arch smile, and said: "You think then, do you, that I can trust you?"

The young friends were riding, and had just reined in their horses, after entering Central Park at One Hundred and Tenth Street. They were passing under the bridge

which arches the bridle path at this point, riding side by side, when Dorothy very naively asked this last question. Rising in his stirrups and leaning over, Dudley put his arm about her and kissed her; a demonstration to which the fair young modernist offered no objection. So absorbed were they in this interesting little episode, that they failed to take any notice of a rapidly approaching automobile overhead. As they emerged from under the bridge, all unconscious of the world about them, they were greeted by a familiar voice: "Oho! that's the way you take your morning exercise, is it, in a bower of June roses? Pardon me, my dear friends, I hope we are not intruding."

Facing about quickly, somewhat embarrassed, Dudley called out: "Hallo, Eugene; good morning, Miss Seton. Isn't this beautiful weather? Why didn't you come out on your horses? Riding is so much more enjoyable than being whizzed through the air in a big machine."

"I agree with you, Norman; I admire your good taste. Miss Dorothy, I hope you are enjoying this lovely June morning?" She

had allowed her horse to prance about, which served the twofold purpose of setting off her horsemanship to good advantage, and at the same time relieving her of the necessity of taking part in the conversation, which just at that time she didn't feel inclined to do.

"Why, yes, Eugene, I am enjoying it immensely," she replied; "I would be glad to have the weather remain like this all the time. Helen, when are you going with me on that little shopping expedition? Can you go tomorrow?"

"I think so," replied Helen, "if mother doesn't need me."

"All right, I'll call for you about nine o'clock. Come on, Norman." And laying her crop smartly upon the flank of her horse, she dashed off. "I am tired of hearing 'if mother don't need me,' or 'if mother don't object,'" said Dorothy, the next time they slackened their pace. "Did you ever see a girl so tied to her mother's apron strings?"

"A very proper young lady, I have no doubt," he replied.

"What sort of seats have you got for to-night, Norman?"

"Very good; end seats in the centre isle, seventh row."

"Let us start early," she said, "and get to our places before the curtain rises. The first act of the play, they tell me, is great; we don't want to miss any of it. You haven't told me yet how things were down town yesterday."

"First rate," he replied; "the market was strong, and I made three or four hundred dollars—that is, I will if the bottom don't drop out before I take my profits today."

"Funny way that is of making money. It seems to me like betting on cards."

"Well, yes, it is somewhat so," said Dudley. "Only in the game of cards you know just what you are booked to win or lose. Betting on the market means all sorts of possibilities."

The play which Dorothy and Norman Dudley attended that evening, at an up-town Broadway theatre, was one of the modern sensational dramas, in which the interest of the audience is chiefly centred on the spectacular effects, and upon the thinly veiled suggestions running through the play. From the theatre they visited one of



the very modern cafés which flourish in that section of the town, whose allurements include, besides a "ladies' bar," an attractive cabaret. They began their midnight supper with a cocktail, and concluded, both of them, with cigarettes. When Miss Dorothy Gates reached home, at one o'clock in the morning, she crept quietly to her room, and no one in the house was aware of the hour of her arrival.

She was a little late in her call the following morning on Fifty-Seventh street, and Mrs. Seton noticed a tired appearance about her eyes which suggested dissipation, but said nothing. Helen went out with her friend in quest of the latest creations in the way of hats, as she had promised to do; but she dreaded the ordeal. She knew from experience that Dorothy was very exacting, and difficult to please in such matters. To-day's effort was no exception to the rule; indeed she seemed a little more fussy than usual, and visited several establishments on Fifth Avenue before finding anything that appealed at all to her fastidious taste; and then she ordered half a dozen hats sent to the house for her further consideration.

Helen was quite exhausted when she returned home, late for lunch, but made no complaint, further than to say that Dorothy had a good deal of difficulty in finding anything quite satisfactory.

At the dinner table that evening Eugene remarked that he had met Dudley down town that afternoon.

"And what did he have to say?" asked Mrs. Seton.

"Where do you suppose he and Dorothy were last night?"

"I haven't the least idea," replied Mrs. Seton. Helen did not look up, but seemed intently engaged with her knife and fork.

"They went to see 'The Lure of the Unseen,'" replied Eugene; "and after the play they went to the Maison Dorée for their cocktails and cigarettes."

"And no chaperon with them?" she exclaimed.

"I think not, mother; I never knew Dorothy to take a chaperon with her anywhere."

"Helen, did you know that they went to the theatre together last night?" asked Mrs. Seton.

"Yes, mother, Dorothy told me this morn-

ing; but she did not mention that they had gone to any café after the play."

"My dear child, I am very sorry to say it, but I do not think Dorothy is a suitable companion for you. I do not at all like her imprudent way of conducting herself; her ideas of the proprieties of life are exceedingly crude."

"Mother dear, I feel just as you do about Dorothy, and I have often been tempted to break off our intimacy. But I do feel a great deal of sympathy for her, she seems so utterly unformed, or at least undisciplined in her character. I have been conceited enough to think that I might perhaps be of some assistance in opening her eyes to her mistakes, and bringing her to realize the necessity of being more prudent. So far, I confess, my efforts have been useless; Dorothy seems to be growing more reckless and ill governed every day of her life."

"Naturally, Helen, she would do so. Dorothy appears to be under no restraint whatever; she follows the bent of her own inclinations; and the habit of self-indulgence, as you know, is destructive of all that is best in any character."

"I really don't know what to think of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gates," said Mr. Seton. "They are, both of them, so infatuated with what they call progressive ideas, that they seem forgetful, or indifferent to the conservative principles and practices of Christian society. Their views regarding the education and training of children are certainly most extraordinary."

"Father, what is the theory of the Progressives, or Modernists, in the matter of education?" asked Eugene.

"Their idea, Eugene, seems to be that young men or women know just what they want, and are going to have it; and that it is consequently useless for their elders to interfere. At most, all that parents or guardians can do, according to this theory, is to so train and cultivate the minds of their children, or wards, that they will be able to exercise what the world considers good judgment in the management of their own affairs. This they would do by cramming the minds of the young with secular knowledge—knowledge too often founded upon the 'materialistic conception' of everything—while their moral and spiritual education is

wholly overlooked, or relegated to a subordinate place. They ignore the biblical injunction, 'Remember thy Creator in the days 'of thy youth'; and the child is not taught to understand the meaning of those momentous words of our Lord, 'What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?' Education of that character, which ignores the existence of God, and the responsibility of man to his Creator, can not be conducive to good citizenship."

"Poor Dorothy," said Mrs. Seton, "I think she means well. She seems to be a case of arrested development on the one hand, and overdevelopment of selfishness on the other."

"With a sturdy growth of modern ideas on all sides," added Mr. Seton.

## VII

### In the Berkshire Hills

**W**HAT a beautiful vista that is through the dark woods," exclaimed Robert Hamilton; "one might imagine he was in the Black Forest of Germany."

"Isn't it weird?" said Helen. "Eugene calls it the 'Sanctuary of the Druids.'"

The Setons had decided to spend the summer in the Berkshire Hills. They visited Great Barrington, Stockbridge, Lenox and Pittsfield, and enjoyed them all; but Lenox appealed to them more than any of the other points, and they engaged rooms for the season at "The Aspinwall." Charlotte had returned from school the last week in June, and was sharing her sister's room at the hotel. Eugene generally came up from the City Friday afternoon and remained over Sunday—sometimes longer. This week he had brought with him his friend Robert Hamilton.


The young people had started out immediately after breakfast Saturday morning for a walk around the mountain, wishing to avoid the heat of midday. It is one of the most fascinating excursions in the Berkshires, but a good four-mile tramp, up hill and down dale most of the way. They had climbed the first hill, and a little further on were descending into the black pine woods, where the large trees, growing thickly together on either side of the narrow road, shut out the sunlight and produce a sombre but attractive avenue. Helen was walking with Mr. Hamilton; Charlotte with her brother, a little in the rear. Emerging from the dark avenue they climbed another little hill, reaching an open plateau which commanded a superb view of the cultivated valley and the mountainous country South and West. The wild banks and meadows here were covered with brilliant golden-rod, black-eyed-susans and marigold, or golden glow. Here stood the old Aspinwall mansion, the ruins of which are still to be seen, overgrown with weeds and wild flowers.

"Isn't that a magnificent view?" exclaimed Helen, stopping suddenly and stepping back

as if to take a better position to view the whole scene before her. Charlotte, a hundred yards or more in the rear, was chasing a beautifully winged butterfly, holding out at arm's length her rustic straw hat, ready to pounce upon him, while Eugene stood near, laughing heartily at her persistent efforts.

Robert had been looking off in the distance, enchanted by the wonderful panorama spread out before them; but now, as Helen stood back, and with a look of intense admiration again exclaimed: "Don't you think it is lovely, Mr. Hamilton?" he turned, and gazing intently at her for a moment, replied: "Yes, Miss Seton, the most beautiful, the loveliest object I ever beheld." She was startled by his words, and by the tone in which he uttered them; she realized that he was thinking of her as he spoke. Her eyes dropped, and she hesitated a moment before she replied: "O Mr. Hamilton, I did not refer to any particular object; I meant the whole magnificent scenery."

"I agree with you perfectly, Miss Seton; it is certainly grand. But don't you think





that one's appreciation and enjoyment of the beautiful is greatly enhanced by the knowledge that some friend whom you esteem is near, sharing your enjoyment?"

"O yes, I think I quite understand that sentiment," replied Helen.

"That then may explain to you, Miss Seton, why the beautiful picture, which we both admired so much, was far more lovely to me when I turned and read in your face the reflection of what I felt—I trust, of all that I felt."

But Hamilton's explanation only heightened the color in her cheeks, and she was hesitating as to just what she should say, when Charlotte came running up laughing and held out, with a little air of triumph, the pretty butterfly which she had caught.

"O Charlotte, that's a shame," cried Helen; "let the poor little thing have its liberty, to enjoy the sunshine and flowers."

"After all the trouble I have taken to catch him? Helen you are too tender hearted; don't you think so, Mr. Hamilton?"

"No, indeed I don't; I think your sister is quite right, Miss Charlotte."

"But don't you think you would like to be


caught and held by a young lady, and made a pet of?"

Hamilton laughed heartily at her naïve question. "My dear Miss Charlotte, your argument is irresistible. I should certainly be a very happy victim of such circumstances as you suggest; I revel in the very thought of it. But it occurs to me that your little butterfly might view things differently. I suspect the wild flowers would offer greater attractions to him than the hand of the loveliest woman. Give him a chance, and see what use he makes of his opportunity."

She placed her beautiful captive in the palm of her left hand, and released him. Before she had time to think what would happen, he was soaring high in the air, enjoying his natural freedom.

"Good-bye, you little wretch," called out Charlotte. "I think you are very ungrateful."

"Come, children, come along; no more chasing butterflies," said Helen, as she started off. "The sun is getting high, and we have hardly made a good start on our tramp yet."



"Helen, you remind me of Mother Teresa when she takes us on a walk through the country, prodding us to 'come on, children,' when we wander off in the fields."

"Charlotte, I wish I were like Mother Teresa, or half as good. Mr. Hamilton, you must meet that dear, sweet sister some time. She is the best friend I have in the world, apart from my own family."


"I should certainly be delighted to know her, if she is your friend," replied Hamilton. "But I thought that nuns were very austere, strait-laced and unsympathetic sort of people." Helen burst out in a merry laugh.

"O you poor, benighted creature! What extraordinary ideas you Protestants have of our good sisters. Why, they are the brightest, happiest, most cheerful people in the world. Of course they have their time for prayer and meditation, when they give their hearts and souls to God, and shut out all the world; and they are dignified and reserved in public, as they should be. But in recreation they are as light-hearted and merry as any girl of sixteen. As for sympathy, they are more like mothers than anything else, to the girls."

"Don't you think, Miss Seton, that perhaps that light-heartedness which you speak of, is somewhat artificial or assumed for the occasion? It is difficult to understand how a prisoner, that is, one who is deprived of all liberty of thought and action, can be altogether cheerful."

"Why, Mr. Hamilton, nuns are not prisoners, any more than wives are. They have both made their solemn vows; the one to the eternal God, the other to a mortal man. Neither can violate her promise without sinning against the law of justice and truth. In that sense they both surrender their liberty of action, when they enter upon their chosen state of life. As to any physical restraint there is no more of it in the life of a nun than in that of a wife. All the attractions in the world could not induce the sincere religious to abandon the life she has chosen. Her eyes are fixed upon the joys of eternity, not upon the transient pleasures of the world."

"But suppose, Miss Seton, that she were to change her mind, that she should wish to give up the religious life; or, as you would say, to violate her vows. Could she escape?"



"Nothing in the world to prevent her, Mr. Hamilton, except her own conscience, and the tearful entreaties of her best friends. Such a thing rarely, very rarely ever occurs. It frequently happens that a postulant, or novice, who has entered a convent, finds that she has mistaken her vocation, or is so advised by her director, and goes back to the world to take up her duties there. But it seldom happens—not once in a thousand times, thank God—that one who has taken her vows, wishes to retrace her steps."

"I am glad to hear you say what you do, Miss Seton, and I am really not surprised. I am glad indeed to know the truth. I have always been reluctant to believe the stories told about the undue influence and restraint put upon members of a society which accomplishes so much good for humanity. I am convinced they are without foundation."

"Pure fiction, Mr. Hamilton; the offspring of a disordered and bigoted imagination. And yet the evil-minded world is always ready, I know, to listen to the sensational stories of 'The Escaped Nun.'"

They had descended from the open plateau into a thickly shaded wood, somewhat similar

to the "Sanctuary of the Druids," but less sombre, as the green foliage here admits the light more freely;<sup>1</sup> and beyond this had climbed a rather steep and stony path, which brought them to the summit. Here the road turns to the left, and enters one of the most beautiful forests in the Berkshires. Eugene and Charlotte had gone on ahead, but waited, soon after entering the woods, for the others to overtake them.

"Well, Robert, what do you think of this?" called out Eugene.

"I think it is the most wonderful growth of Birches I have ever seen in my life," he replied.

He was quite right. The beautiful white Birch is an attractive feature of the Berkshire Hills. In some of the estates very pretty groves of them are to be seen and add greatly to the beauty of the landscape. At this point on the mountain they are numerous, forming quite a forest of themselves for a considerable distance; growing quite straight — though rarely perpendicular — and

<sup>1</sup> The positions of the two wooded tracts are here reversed. The "less sombre" forest is reached first, as you approach from the South; the "Sanctuary of the Druids" is a little further North.

many of them attaining a height of fifty or sixty feet. The Ash, and Elm, and Walnut, interspersed, give the wood a variegated coloring, and the wild flowers by the roadside add to the attractive picture.

"I love these beautiful woods," said Helen, as she stooped to gather a spray of maiden-hair by the wayside; "this is really my favorite walk in Lenox."

"But, Helen, you have taken me on several delightful tramps," said Eugene, "where we didn't have to climb quite so much, and where the walking was a bit better. That little four-mile trip through Walker and Kemble streets to the Four Corners and back, just suited me; the path is shaded all the way, and every foot of ground, on both sides, is cultivated."

"My favorite walk," said Charlotte, "is through Yokun Avenue, and across "Stonover," to the West Road. You meet with some new attraction at every turn—something you haven't seen or noticed before."

"Robert, if you stay here long enough, you will have plenty of walking," said Eugene. "Helen and Charlotte are both strenuous disciples of Weston."

"I am something of a pedestrian myself," replied Hamilton, "and I would walk all the way from New York for the sake of having such an outing as I am enjoying this morning."

For about a mile their path was now down hill—part of the way rather abrupt. They lingered for a few moments at one point, to admire the huge boulders, on either side of the road, that arrest the attention of every one visiting this region. At the foot of the mountain they turned into the prettily shaded sidewalk on Cliffwood street, which brought them to the village. It is nearly a mile from the Lenox Town Hall to the Aspinwall, and part of the way is a steep climb. But the walk is well shaded and attractive, and our young friends found no difficulty in taking it. As they drew near the hotel, they heard sounds of sweet music, coming from the concert hall; and as they took their seats quietly on the South piazza, near the open windows, Helen said: "Isn't that an exquisite little air?"

"It is certainly beautiful," replied Hamilton. "Do you know what it is?"

"It is one of Rogovoy's—the violoncellist's



—favorite solos, 'A Perfect Day.' He plays it frequently, and people never seem to tire of it."

"I am sure he is playing it today for my special benefit," said Robert. "The name, as well as the music itself, strikes a responsive chord in my heart."

"And meets a responsive echo in mine," added Helen in a low voice. And she turned her face away quickly, fearing she had made an imprudent remark. A moment later she excused herself and went to her room.

Her father was reading aloud to his wife, but laid his book aside when Helen came in, and asked how she had enjoyed the walk, what Mr. Hamilton thought of Lenox, etc.

"What are you reading, father?" she asked.

"The Life of Cardinal Pole, by Martin Haile. It is an intensely interesting book, Helen. I am sure you would enjoy it. It is published by our old friends, Longmans, Green & Co."

"Are you far on in the book? Can I follow you intelligently from where you are now?"

"We are just finishing the second chapter,"

replied her father. "We have been reading thus far the story of his early life, and his studies at Oxford and Padua. The real history of the life and character of this remarkable man—one of the most distinguished figures of the Sixteenth Century—is told in the succeeding chapters."

He resumed his reading, and Helen was an attentive listener, with her mother, that afternoon and every day thereafter until the book was finished. It must be admitted that reading of this character does not as a rule appeal strongly to the modern young society woman; but to serious-minded people, both old and young, who have cultivated a taste for good literature, and the study of history, such a work as Haile's *Life of Reginald Pole* is intensely fascinating, as well as instructive.

## VIII

### Painful Reflections

EUGENE and Robert were smoking on the front piazza, about four o'clock in the afternoon, when Mr. and Mrs. Seton came out of the hotel, with Helen and Charlotte, and started down the hill. "Come Gene; aren't you going with us?" called out Helen. "Yes, I'll follow you in one moment," he replied. Hamilton was a little disappointed that he was not included in the invitation, and turned to Eugene with an inquiring look on his face.

"Robert, we should be delighted to have you join us in our walk to the village; but really I'm afraid you wouldn't care to continue with us beyond the church door. The fact is, we are all going to confession this afternoon. Tomorrow is Sunday, you know."

Hamilton had risen with his friend as he started to go, and taking him by the arm, walked on with him.

"What do you mean, Eugene? You don't confess your sins to a priest, do you?"

"Just what we do, Robert, and what we are all going to do this afternoon."

"Eugene, you surprise me. Then you must believe, of course, that a priest has the power to forgive sins."

"That's a logical conclusion, Robert, considering what we are about this afternoon."

"But, my dear fellow, how can you possibly believe—pardon me, Eugene, I do not mean to be offensive; I ask the question simply with an honest desire to be enlightened—how can you believe that a mortal man has the power to forgive sins against the eternal God?"

"Robert, I am not a theologian, nor am I an adept at controversy. But if I were in a state of doubt as to the truths of Christian doctrine, and were honestly seeking to be enlightened; if I had got so far as to accept the Bible as the unerring source of divine truth, I should be greatly impressed, upon reading the account of Christ's appearance to His disciples in Jerusalem, after his resurrection, to find it recorded by St. John that, 'He said therefore to them again:

Peace be to you. AS THE FATHER HAS SENT ME, I ALSO SEND YOU. When He had said this, HE BREATHED ON THEM; and He said to them: RECEIVE YE THE HOLY GHOST; WHOSE SINS YOU SHALL FORGIVE, THEY ARE FORGIVEN THEM, AND WHOSE SINS YOU SHALL RETAIN, THEY ARE RETAINED.'

"After reading these solemn words, spoken by our Lord a few days before His ascension, it seems to me I should come to the conclusion that if anything was certain, beyond all possible doubt, it was that Christ had, in the most clear and positive terms, given to his apostles—and of necessity to their successors, the priests of the Church—the power to forgive sins. Could speech be more clear and definite? If by any possible interpretation a meaning can be put upon this language different from that plainly indicated by the words, then any passage of the Scriptures can be so distorted as to convey contradictory and absurd meanings."

Robert listened to his friend, at first with a critical, and then with a bewildered expression of face. Presently he said: "What do you do, Eugene? Tell the priest,



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Forgiven Them"*

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I suppose, that you have done something wrong, and ask him to please forgive you."

"Not at all, Robert; the Sacrament of Penance is not received in any such off-hand, matter-of-fact way. The penitent, after a careful examination of conscience, must, in a spirit of humility, confess *all the sins of which he has been guilty since his last confession. He must have sincere contrition in his heart, with a firm purpose of amendment.* If any of these elements are wanting, his confession is null and void, and the confessor is powerless to absolve him. Every day in the year thousands of sin-burdened souls enter the confessional, make their peace with their God, as He Himself has ordained, and go out free from sin, with tranquil mind and heart, and better equipped to meet the temptations and trials of life. If you will study this subject, Robert, with an unprejudiced mind, so as to understand the essential character of sacramental penance, you will realize what an ineffable blessing it is to suffering humanity."

They overtook the others as they were about to enter the church.

"Mr. Hamilton, I am very sorry that we



can not invite you to go in to confession with us," said Mr. Seton. "We should be very glad to have you do so certainly. But I am afraid it might not be altogether agreeable to you. Perhaps some future day you may feel differently about it."

"Perhaps so," replied Hamilton. Helen looked up with a smile, and said, almost inaudibly: "I hope so." He bowed politely to her, and bade them all good afternoon.

He returned to the hotel by a roundabout way, walking slowly and evidently in a thoughtful frame of mind. Robert had been somewhat mortified at his inability to make any satisfactory reply to Eugene's argument in defence of the Sacrament of Penance. And yet he admitted to himself that he had been much impressed by what his friend said on the subject. He had read the New Testament through more than once, and wondered why he had not given more careful thought to the words Eugene had quoted. And then Helen's remark, as they parted at the door of the church, "I hope so"—it had sounded very sweetly to his ears, when she spoke. But, was it possible they were intended to be prophetic? He

resented the thought, which seemed to stifle him. He was only half conscious of the fact that inherited prejudices were casting a shadow over love's young dream. He realized now, if he had not before admitted it to himself, that Helen Seton, since the evening he first met her, had been an ever-present influence in his life; that somehow he thought of her as he had of no other woman whom he had ever met. And this woman whom he had so admired and respected, whom perhaps he had—yes, his heart told him now that he had—loved, was kneeling at the feet of a Catholic priest, confessing her sins, and humbly asking him to absolve her. The thought was repulsive to him. How could an angelic being like Helen Seton humiliate herself by doing such a thing. What sins anyway had she to confess? The more he dwelt upon it, the more inclined he felt to criticise her, and before he reached the hotel he was really nursing something very much like the spirit of resentment.

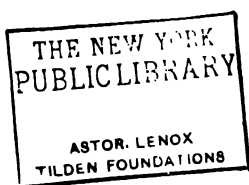
A few moments after he had taken his seat on the front piazza, chewing the cud of reflection, an automobile came whizzing

up the hill and stopped at the front entrance. As the occupants alighted, Hamilton recognized his friends Mr. and Mrs. Douglas and their pretty daughter, Miss Edith. He greeted them cordially as they entered the house, and was still talking enthusiastically with Miss Douglas in the rotunda, when the Setons passed through on their way to the elevator. He had caught sight of them as they were approaching, but turned slightly so as not to appear to be conscious of their entrance. That evening he dined with the Douglas', and after dinner spent an hour with them on the Western veranda, admiring the gorgeous sunset.

Saturday night at the Aspinwall is always given up to dancing, and to-night quite a party of young people had motored down from Pittsfield, to take part in the festivities. The Setons took their seats on the piazza near the open windows of the ball room, where they could get a good view of the dancers, without being conspicuous themselves. The scene in the brilliantly lighted hall was attractive, if not always pleasing. The ladies' costumes were too often of the exaggerated modern type which, as a rule,



*He Greeted Them Cordially*



is showy rather than graceful; beauty, either of face or figure, was exceptional, and most of the young ladies sat with their knees crossed — an up-to-date accomplishment more striking than edifying.

The first dance on the programme was a "one-step," and the lively music of the orchestra quickly filled the room with the devotees of modern revelry. Robert Hamilton danced with Edith Douglas, and she was his partner again in the tango, which followed. At the conclusion of the second dance they went out "to get a breath of fresh air," as Miss Douglas expressed it. As they passed the Setons, Robert was quite effusive in his recognition of his friends, which they acknowledged politely. Helen, he noticed, lifted her eyes indifferently, and met his smile with a ceremonious bow. Her manner, as well as her look, upset him completely; it was as though a wet blanket had suddenly been thrown over him. As soon as he could politely do so, he left his fair companion with her mother and father, found an excuse to leave the ball room, and made his way out to the piazza to meet his friends.

"Good evening, Mrs. Seton; I hope you are all enjoying this beautiful evening."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Hamilton; the air is delightful. We have seen, however, as much as we care to of the dancing, and are just going to our rooms."

"Oh! so early?" exclaimed Robert. "Miss Seton, I trust your walk of this morning has not tired you."

"Not at all," replied Helen; "I am too accustomed to long walks, to mind a little stroll like that."

"I hope," he said, "I may have the pleasure sometime of taking another of those little strolls with you."

She made no reply, but turned to her father, who had been sitting a little distance away, in the corner, talking with Eugene. "What did you say, father?" she asked.

"I suggested that we had better be moving," he replied, as he and Eugene rose to their feet. "Good evening, Mr. Hamilton."

"Why, Robert, my dear boy, you are a stranger," said Eugene. "Where have you kept yourself? We watched you a few moments ago doing the terpsichorean one-step."

"Hush, Eugene; I give you my word I've been bored almost to death."

"You didn't look much like it, young man. We all thought you were having the time of your life. Who are your friends?"

"They are the Douglas's. You have heard me speak of them; I met them last summer at Narragansett Pier."

"Quite an attractive young lady, Robert."

"O, she's harmless; one of the pretty dolls of society."

He bade them all good night, as they entered the elevator. Helen bowed her head slightly without looking up. Robert did not return to the ball room that evening. Lighting a cigar, he sought out the most secluded corner of the veranda, and spent a half hour there alone, meditating upon the vanities and vexations of life. He had experienced a revulsion of feeling, which left him discontented and thoroughly disgusted with himself. "What a fool I have made of myself," he thought. "I must certainly have appeared very selfish, if not positively rude to Miss Seton; and her manner showed plainly that she was annoyed. I wish I could whisper one word in her ear tonight,



just to tell her that I am sorry, and ashamed of myself. And what must Mrs. Seton think of me? Only a few weeks ago, in Lakewood, I said that I quite agreed with her in her disapproval of the modern dances; and to-night I have given her an object lesson of my sincerity. The silly, ridiculous part of it all is that I detest the infernal dances more than ever, and that I took part in them simply because I was out of sorts with all the world, and wanted to do something hateful." He threw away his cigar and went to his room, disgusted with himself, and in anything but a happy frame of mind.

Let us not condemn our young friend too severely. He had been guilty certainly of a deplorable weakness; but he was quick to recognize his own error, and condemned himself unsparingly for it. There are few of us whose minds have not been haunted by the memory of some folly, or follies of our life, which we would be glad to forget. And yet, the climax of folly sometimes becomes the happy turning point which leads to wiser and better counsels.

## IX

### A Catholic Sermon

**T**HE following morning the Setons were all of them up early, walked to church—a distance of nearly a mile—assisted at the half-past seven o'clock mass, and received holy communion. An automobile from the hotel met them as they left the church, and brought them up the hill. After breakfast they sauntered out to the Western piazza, where they were sitting when Robert Hamilton made his appearance at about nine-thirty, on his way to the dining room.

“Good morning,” he said, approaching the group. “Have you good people breakfasted already?”

“O long ago,” replied Mr. Seton, “and have had a good bracing walk besides.”

“Is it possible?” exclaimed Robert. “Well, the morning, no doubt, is the most delightful time of the day, if one will only make the effort to get up and enjoy it.”


"I have never found anything worth having that didn't cost an effort," suggested Mr. Seton.

"What a magnificent view you have here," said Robert.

"Isn't it superb?" replied Mrs. Seton. "I don't think I have ever seen anything quite equal to it from the veranda of any hotel in the country. The wonderful combination of natural scenery and artistic beauty—the Catskill Mountains in the distance, the Berkshire Hills all about us, and the beautifully cultivated estates at our feet—make an exquisite landscape. And the air is so pure and delicious."

"Are any of you going to church this morning?" he asked.

"We all went to the half-past seven o'clock Mass this morning," replied Mrs. Seton, "and some of us, I presume, will go later to the high Mass; we generally do. I suppose you will go to your church, Mr. Hamilton? The Episcopalians have a beautiful property here, on the corner of Walker and Kemble streets. Trinity Church, St. Helena's Chapel and the parsonage are very artistic buildings, and the grounds are scrupulously kept."



"I should like to visit them sometime," said Robert; "but I thought this morning I might have the pleasure of going with you all. I have never attended morning service in a Catholic church."


"Eugene and I are going to the half-past ten Mass," said Mr. Seton, "and Charlotte, I suppose, will go with us. We shall be delighted to have you join us, Mr. Hamilton, if you are so disposed."

"I will with pleasure, Mr. Seton. What time will you leave here?"

"About a quarter past ten," replied Mr. Seton.

"I will be ready before that," said Robert. "I am very sorry, Mrs. Seton, that you and Miss Helen are not going with us." He gave Helen a beseeching look, to which she returned a forgiving smile, but added: "Mother and I are feeling a little tired this morning, and thought we had best reserve our strength for an afternoon drive."

Mr. Seton, Eugene and Charlotte went with Robert to the late Mass, and were given seats well forward in the church, where they could see and hear to advantage. Mr. Seton had provided his young friend



with a prayer book, so that he might, if he wished, follow the services. It was all quite new and strange to Hamilton, and he naturally felt some awkwardness in his effort to conform as far as possible to the devotional attitude of those around him. He was greatly impressed by the solemnity of the ceremonies observed in the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which he was witnessing for the first time. When the priest went to the pulpit, he was all attention, anxious to hear what sort of a sermon he might deliver.

The reverend gentleman had chosen as his text the words of our Lord: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." In the course of his instruction he said: "This has always been a hard saying for worldly minded men. Self-abnegation has never been an attractive virtue for the lovers of pleasure. Even those who censure self-indulgence, often find it very irksome to practice self-denial. But our Lord has said: 'Except you do penance, you shall all perish.' To be ignored while others are honored, to be misunderstood, to be unjustly criticised, to

be treated with unkindness or contempt, to fail where others succeed, how unendurable these things seem to human pride. Our divine Master says to us: 'Learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart.' 'The disciple is not above the Master.' Humility may be said to be the characteristic virtue distinguishing the sincere Christian from the man of the world. . . .

"The spirit of the age, the spirit of Modernism, rebels against the teachings of the Crucified Redeemer. The royal road of the Cross, the narrow gate and strait way that leadeth to life, is forsaken; the wide gate and broad way that leadeth to destruction has invited the footsteps of many."

Speaking of the prevalent disregard for authority, and restlessness under restraint, he said: "Christian liberty, which is founded on justice and truth, is construed nowadays to mean a license to receive or reject such authority and such teaching as a selfish, pleasure seeking world may approve of—a construction which is the natural outgrowth of the baneful doctrine of private interpretation. But the Divine Author of Christianity Himself said to His apostles: 'Going

therefore teach ye all nations, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.' And again: 'He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me.' St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, says: 'Remember your prelates who have spoken the word of God to you; whose faith follow. . . . Be not led away with various and strange doctrines. . . . Obey your prelates, and be subject to them.'"

He closed his discourse in these words: "Let it be our task then to work out our eternal salvation in the spirit of humility and contrition of heart, accepting with perfect resignation the trials and crosses which our Heavenly Father may send us; bearing always in mind the words of our Lord, 'He that taketh not up his cross and followeth Me, is not worthy of Me.'"

"Well, Mr. Hamilton, how were you impressed with what you saw and heard?" asked Mr. Seton, as they walked up the hill together.


"Very favorably indeed," replied Robert. "The ceremonies, which of course I could only partially understand, were solemn and

beautiful, I thought, and the sermon was one of the best I have ever listened to. In fact what I have seen and heard this morning has made me feel that I would like to know more of the faith and practices of the Catholic Church."

"You would find it, I am sure, a very interesting and profitable study, and it would give me great pleasure to afford you any assistance in my power. We didn't bring much reading matter with us, of course; but you are quite welcome to the use of my library at home, if there is anything there that would interest you."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Seton; I shall be glad to avail myself of your kind offer. But I am afraid I should hardly know how to make any selection, without your assistance. What would you suggest as best adapted for a beginner?"

"Well, there are many good works of an elementary kind, historical, controversial and instructive. I think perhaps 'The Faith of Our Fathers,' by Cardinal Gibbons, would be as good an introduction to the study of the question as you could find. 'The Invitation Heeded,' by Father Stone, a convert,





throws light on many questions which occur to an inquiring mind. Father Faber, another convert's 'Spiritual Conferences' are very devotional, and delightful reading. As a *vade mecum*, for short daily spiritual readings, no Christian should be without the 'Imitation,' or 'Following of Christ.' "

They had climbed the steepest part of the hill and were half way up to the hotel, when they saw Mrs. Seton and Helen coming to meet them. Robert at once joined the latter, as if by special right, and continued with her the rest of the way. Indeed the thoughts and emotions which he had experienced this morning at church, as well as the compunction which he was still feeling for his inconsiderate conduct of last evening, had drawn him very closely to Helen; he tried to be as attentive, and to make himself as agreeable to her as possible. She did not fail herself to notice the change, and while she did not at the moment try to account for it, his pleasant manner was agreeable to her.

"Do you feel repaid for your walk down the hill this morning?" she asked.

"A thousand times over," he replied

enthusiastically. "I feel under great obligations to your good father for allowing me to go to church with him. Everything was so new to me—and such a pleasant surprise."

Helen was now intensely interested, as her eyes plainly showed; but she tried to look as unconcerned as possible.

"The music was of course enjoyable," he continued, "and the reverential demeanor of the people was certainly edifying. The sermon, as I said to your father, was one of the best I have ever listened to in my life."

"What was the subject, Mr. Hamilton?"

"The necessity of doing penance," he replied. "The reverend gentleman quoted the words of our Lord, and of St. Paul, to prove that humility and self-abnegation are essential to a Christian life. He asserted that the doctrine of private judgment, and the modern spirit of independence in matters of faith and morals—especially the disregard of all authority—are responsible for many of the evils which afflict society, and for the spread of irreligion at the present time."

"Don't you agree with him?" she asked.

"Yes, I do. I think he proved his case

very conclusively. And he has certainly inspired me with an ambition to know something more about the Catholic Church. Your father has very kindly promised to be my mentor in this interesting inquiry, and has already suggested a few good books that may be of assistance to me in my work."

"What are you to begin with, Mr. Hamilton?"

"Your father thought I would find Cardinal Gibbons' 'Faith of Our Fathers' a good introduction to my religious reading."

"Splendid! When you have read that book carefully, you will certainly have a pretty good idea of what the Catholic Church teaches."

"And then," continued Robert, "he suggested that I should always have at my elbow a copy of 'The Following of Christ,' and read a few lines of it every day."

"Mr. Hamilton, if you will do that, you will become perfect."

"I will do anything in the world if you will think that," he replied.

Helen hardly noticed what he said; she seemed momentarily absorbed in her own thoughts. Then stopping suddenly, she

turned abruptly to him, as though she had solved some serious question in her mind, and said: "I will give you my copy of that little book—"

"I will keep it as a precious treasure," he exclaimed, without waiting for her to finish her sentence.

"On one condition," she continued; "that is that you will read a chapter of it every day."

"I promise you most sincerely, Miss Helen—pardon me; Miss Seton—that I will do as you ask me to."

"I forgive you," she said. Opening the chatelaine bag which hung at her waist, she took out and handed him her little "Imitation," prettily bound in leather.

"I am giving you one of my treasures," she said. "Dear Mother Teresa gave me that little book, when I graduated at Mount Carmel, and I have kept it with me, and used it daily ever since. I hope you will learn as many good lessons from it as I have."

"I will keep it as a sacred trust, my dear friend," he replied, "and though I can not hope to profit by reading it as you have, I

promise you I will make it my duty conscientiously to enter into its spirit, and follow its counsels as far as I can." They were approaching the hotel now, and as Robert glanced up at the people sitting on the East piazza, he saw Edith Douglas watching them intently through her lorgnette. He bowed to her politely, but somewhat ceremoniously, as they entered the house.

"That's your fair partner of last evening's dance, is it not, Mr. Hamilton?" Her manner was somewhat strained, and her voice less sympathetic than it had been a moment before.

"Miss Seton," he replied, "I have a great favor to ask. It is that you will forget last night, so far as I am concerned, as though it had never been. I shall remember it myself with regret."

She looked at him with an expression of surprise, and did not speak for a moment. Then as she was about to enter the elevator, she said: "I shall have to think your words over a little, before I am quite sure that I understand you."

Robert dined with the Setons and was evidently in a very happy frame of mind.

He sat on Mrs. Seton's right, and entertained her with an account of some of the interesting incidents of his European trip. She invited him to join them in a ride that afternoon. Charlotte was going with some of her friends, in their car, to Pittsfield, and there would be a vacant seat in the carriage. No one visits Lenox without taking "the drive through the estates," and of course it would not do for Mr. Hamilton to disregard this pleasant custom.

After an enjoyable afternoon, visiting the principal places in and about Lenox, our friends listened in the evening to the usual Sunday Night Concert at the Aspinwall, which is always good. Mr. Seton had business which required his presence in New York, and he therefore returned the following morning, with Eugene and Mr. Hamilton, to the City.

## X

### Some Fruits of Modernism

**T**HE day after his arrival in New York Mr. Seton lunched at the Down Town Club with his friend, Mr. Gates. They had not met in several weeks, and had much to talk over regarding business, as well as political, social and family affairs. Mr. Seton talked enthusiastically of Lenox, to which he intended to return the latter part of the week; and Mr. Gates had much to say of the gay social life his family were enjoying at Greenwich.

"There is a matter," he said, "which is giving my wife and myself a good deal of anxiety, and I think you may perhaps be able to give us some helpful advice. Dorothy and Mr. Dudley have become very intimate. He comes up from New York two or three times a week, and when he is there, he and Dorothy are constantly together. He has proposed to her, and while

she has not, I think, positively committed herself, she is disposed to accept him, and has asked her mother's consent to the engagement. Of course we know very little of him, and nothing about his family. He is an Englishman, says that his father is a baron, that his family enjoy a social position of prominence, and that he himself is soon to come into possession of a large estate.

"As you know, he is agreeable in his conversation and polished in his manners, and he seems to have a good many friends. He and Ralph see a good deal of each other; but somehow I feel as though his influence over Ralph were not altogether beneficial. They are out together a good deal at night, and they both seem very fond of gay society. Mrs. Gates has done all she could to persuade Dorothy to be prudent, not to act hastily in the matter. But the poor child is inclined to be a little headstrong, as you know; she thinks and acts for herself, and is very unwilling to take any advice. How shall we go to work to find out anything about Dudley? What would you suggest?"



"Mr. Gates, you have of course your business correspondents in London. Why not write them a personal letter, asking them to obtain for you any information they can regarding Norman Dudley, and his father, said to be a baron, their financial standing at home, and any particulars they may have concerning the Dudley estate, which Norman is to inherit. I have myself some very good friends in London, who, I am sure, would be able to give me information regarding the social status of the Dudleys. I will write them, with your permission, asking them to let me know just who they are."

"I should be greatly obliged to you, if you would do so, Mr. Seton. In the meantime I will follow your suggestion, and find out from our London correspondents anything they may know about the financial standing of the family."

"Is Dudley engaged in any business here?" asked Mr. Seton.

"None that I know of, except speculating on the street. I suspect he is something of a plunger in the market, and inclined to be reckless in his ventures."

"That is dangerous business for a young man," said Mr. Seton, "especially if his capital is limited, and he speculates on a margin."

"No doubt it is," replied Mr. Gates. "But after all I suppose these young men must learn the lessons of life from personal experience. When they have had a few hard knocks, and have cut their eye teeth, they will probably settle down to real practical work; and they are apt to change their creed several times before they adopt any settled views. There are no dogmas in their articles of faith."

"By the by, Mr. Gates, what do you think of the recent General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church?"

"Good thing, I guess, in its way," replied his friend. "The mossbacks—conservatives they call themselves—had things too much their own way, I think. The progressive element in the Church, however, is very strong, and gaining strength every day. By the time the next General Convention meets, they will be strong enough, I hope, and believe, to put through a more liberal, up-to-date programme of doctrine and disci-

pline in the Protestant Episcopal Church of America."

"What would be your idea, Mr. Gates, of a more liberal, up-to-date programme of doctrine and discipline?"

"Less old fashioned mediæval dogma, less rigid ecclesiastical discipline, less antiquated ritualism; more practical common sense, more attention to the essential doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man—in other words a religion more in harmony with modern ideas. From your Catholic standpoint my views, no doubt, seem very radical; but I can't help thinking I am right. I believe these good churchmen should put an end to their wrangling over dogmas and idle forms, and preach a plain practical religion to the world."

"But Mr. Gates, can you imagine a religion without dogmas, or without constituted authority? Belief in the existence of a Supreme Being, in the divinity of Christ, in the immortality of the soul, in the observance of a divinely constituted moral law as essential to eternal happiness; all these are dogmas of the Christian Religion. Without a teaching authority to interpret, and an

executive head to enforce the divine law, any religious organization must be inefficient. Discipline is essential to the well being of any organized society, whether religious, political, or commercial.

“As to the introduction of modern ideas into the Church, it seems to me that any attempt to preach Christian doctrines in harmony with Modernism would be a travesty of the teachings of Christ. Scientific theories may and do change with time; political principles are adapted to each race and generation, and social customs vary from year to year; but divine truth is eternal, the same yesterday, today and tomorrow. The Christian doctrines which were preached in the far East, centuries ago, have suffered no diminution or change with the lapse of time. They are received with unhesitating faith today in every Catholic Church in Christendom. Your theory of a liberal, untrammelled church, adapting itself to modern ideas, would lead, I am afraid, to something like a society for ethical culture, in which a few well-meaning, cultivated people might enjoy discourses on the beauty and harmony of all creation, and

sing the praises of brotherly love; but which would be a very inefficient agent in the reformation and uplifting of poor, weak, fallen humanity, all the world over."

"You may be right, Mr. Seton; I am not, I confess, much of a theologian. But it seems to me that the reformation of a sinful world could be just as well accomplished without laying so much stress upon any particular doctrine or creed, and stickling over forms and ceremonies."

"I presume, then," replied Mr. Seton, "you would sympathize with the two Anglican bishops in East Africa, who have been charged with heresy by one of their fellow bishops in that part of the world."

"What is the fuss all about, anyway?" asked Mr. Gates. "I have read something of it in the papers, but I don't really understand what they are fighting over."

"Why it seems that the Episcopal bishops of Uganda and Mombasa, in British East Africa, recently realized that the missionaries of the various Protestant sects were working at cross purposes, by reason of their differences in faith and religious practice, while the Catholics were united in all things.

The Mohammedans, too, presented a united front, and were winning over many of the natives to their religious belief. These good gentlemen therefore decided to invite all the non-Catholic missionaries to a conference at the little town of Kikuya. It was not exactly an ecumenical council — rather what might be called a gentlemen's agreement. They decided the best way to meet the embarrassing situation was to parcel out the country between them, each denomination having its own prescribed district, from which missionaries of all the other denominations were to be excluded. The conditions of this compact were, as I understand them, the acknowledgment by all the parties thereto of the sufficiency of the Bible as the rule of faith, containing all things necessary to salvation, and the acceptance of the Apostles', and the Nicene Creeds as orthodox. Then as a fitting climax to the love feast, the Episcopal Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa administered communion, in the Presbyterian church, to all the visiting delegates.

"The good bishop of Zanzibar, the Right Reverend Frank Weston, D.D., a prelate of High Church proclivities, took offense, in fact

was quite scandalized by this extraordinary alliance, which he regarded as heretical. He at once entered his protest, in a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, demanding that the offending prelates be presented for impeachment on the charge of heresy. Naturally enough the matter has caused quite a commotion in England, and imbibittered somewhat the controversy between the adherents of the High and the Low church. And of course the Episcopal clergymen in this country are ranging themselves, according to their sympathies, in the opposing camps. I saw a statement in one of the papers the other day that the Dean of Durham Cathedral has come out openly in behalf of the accused prelates, and has predicted a religious civil war and secession, when the judges clear them of heresy, as he is certain they will. A prominent churchman in one of our Hudson River towns predicts that the rum-pus in England will split the Church, and a similar scene will be enacted in America. He says, in an interview: 'We are too progressive, the world is too far advanced, for the Church to be bound to sacerdotalism. Let those who believe in it go where it is

maintained — the Roman Communion. They have no place in the Episcopal Church; that is Protestant; they are Catholics.'

"On the other hand, the High Church people sympathize strongly with the Bishop of Zanzibar in maintaining that 'the unity of faith in our church, through established sacraments, orders and polity, should be kept intact.' They are inclined, I think, to be more conservative and prudent in their speech than their radical brothers, who in fact generally do most of the talking."

"Don't you think yourself that it is a good deal of a tempest in a teapot?" asked Mr. Gates.

"It might seem so; and yet it involves a very serious question. I think if I were an Episcopalian, I should have very pronounced views on the subject. Your sympathies, no doubt, are with their lordships of Uganda and Mombasa."

"Decidedly so," replied Mr. Gates. "These good missionaries are undoubtedly all working for the same end. If by uniting they can present a stronger front to their enemies, the Mohammedans, and accomplish better results among the natives, I don't see



why they shouldn't all worship in the same church, and sink any little differences of creed or discipline. However I know you and I can't get together on religious questions. And probably in this matter," he said, smiling good humoredly, "you will claim that Modernism is at the bottom of all the trouble."

"You are quite right in that conclusion. I am convinced that the spirit of Modernism has been, for some years past, and is today working a great revolution in the Protestant Churches. Although the form of their creeds has not materially changed, the substance of their faith has been gradually whittled down to such shadowy proportions, that today there is but a remnant of that which was taught in the early Christian Church. I know you will think me exaggerated; I know that your ministers will contradict me, and many of them no doubt will be quite sincere in doing so. But the painful fact is only too evident to any one who will honestly and intelligently study the situation. Question 'the man on the street,' pick a hundred, if you will, of the men whom you meet every day, at business

and in social circles, men who talk intelligently on the ordinary topics of the day; ask them to name and to explain to you the fundamental articles of faith which constitute the creed of the Christian religion; not one in ten will give you an intelligent and satisfactory answer. How many of them, do you imagine, ever think of saying morning or evening prayers? How many ever give any time to religious reading, or religious thought? And the empty churches tell you how few feel called upon to attend religious services, except it be on the occasion of a marriage, or a funeral. Yes, Modernism has had an incalculable influence upon the religious thought and sentiment of the day. If you have time to hear it, let me read to you something which I clipped from a newspaper the other day. It is the report of a sermon delivered by Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, to a congregation of four thousand men, members of the Holy Name Society." Mr. Seton took from his pocket the printed slip and read:

"In his sermon the Cardinal said in part:

"What a spectacle to behold, this vast

Cathedral thronged with the hosts of Christian men of every walk of life, of every nationality, of every avocation. This is the true democracy which the Christian Faith alone can plant and nourish.

“‘Look abroad and behold the contrast. The temples of other creeds are deserted and forsaken. Every day we see new proofs of a disintegration of sects and denominations once numerous and influential. A mere handful sits in the chilly churches which once housed flourishing congregations. Millions are growing up without even an intelligent knowledge of God, of Christ, of religion, of spiritual life. The press, the stage, the street, are flooded with living proofs of a spiritual decadence which can bring only social and national ruin.

“‘The play, the magazine, the ballroom, all give evidence of an ever increasing disregard of even the rudiments of common decency of dress, of deportment, of conversation and of conduct. Little by little the bars have been lowered, letting out the few influences which held society in restraint, and letting in a very flood of folly, of insatiate greed for amusement of any and every kind,

until what, even a few years ago, would make a decent woman blush to see in others, has become so common that even decent women now accept, as a matter of fact for themselves and their daughters.

“‘We need be neither prude nor Puritan to see and to realize that something is passing in the heart and the mind of the women today which is leaving them hard and unwomanly, and that year by year this transformation goes on until, if it continues, there will be neither home nor family, nor normal womanly nature left. If this is the new woman, then God spare us from any further developments of an abnormal creature. Certainly this is not the Catholic woman, who is true to her faith and is not easily influenced by these modern fads of a new paganism. She has her standards and she stands by them unchanged.

“‘And what, in the last analysis, is the cause of all this moral degeneracy, evident on all sides? Why, it is simply the natural result of the decay of even the external semblance of Christianity, outside the Church. For fifty years we have witnessed a battle royal against all those principles

which held together what was left of Christianity, among those who had deserted the true Faith.

“ ‘The preacher was derided, his sermons plucked to pieces, the Bible was dissected and torn page by page, until nothing but the cloth cover is now left. The rich controlled the pulpit and the sermon did not attract the poor, and without the poor there never can be a church. The minister was paid starvation wages to preach sermons which extolled the virtues of coal barons and steel kings and oil emperors. Even royal salaries cannot produce sincerity in a preacher. And no man could go on for long leaving out of his sermon the only thing his soul longed to say — that Christ came to bring justice to the suffering, and that riches are oftentimes the result of injustice to some one.

“ ‘So the poor deserted these temples of a cold, respectable creed where the pews were owned by stockholders and the pulpit controlled by wealth. Without sincerity in the pulpit and poor in the pews, there never has been, there never can be any moral influence in any church. And so no wonder today

they are empty. No wonder the few sincere men doubtless in good faith, struggling still to keep alive the little spark of Christianity left in their congregations, are disheartened.

“‘But if the Bible is nothing but a bit of oriental poetry, if faith is only superstition, if, as again and again we have been told by some of the intellectuals, miracles and magic are all the same, and God is an electric current, then what wonder that the churches are empty, and what wonder that men are few to think any more of God, or of religion or of moral law! The leaders of this false and crude intellectualism have lost all that is best in life. They have killed the heart in men because they themselves have no heart.

“‘What do they know of real life—they who have never for a single day lived among the poor, the laborer, the struggling artisan—they whose whole existence has been spent among chemical formulas, or in the prim sedateness of a university board meeting, where an error in grammar is a mortal sin, and where a soft voice passes for conviction and principle?

“‘Why, this is all sham. How can men

who know nothing of hearts, nothing of feeling, nothing of the trials of poverty, of affliction, whose whole creed is a conceited notion of their own importance, and whose whole life is a sort of flawless cycle, know anything of real life, of real need, moral and spiritual, in fact what can they know of real men? If they would confine themselves to chemistry, we should have some respect for their opinions. But when they invent a new religion each year — a thing which is as old as error and has nothing of religion in it — they simply make themselves ridiculous.

“‘We men of the Holy Name need no go-to-church Sunday and we need and will have nothing of a new religion and their conceited inventions.

“‘Let men find the old and only religion — the Christian Faith which has answered to every need of every man in every age. Let them find a sincere pulpit, a preacher who seeks to know the doctrine as Christ taught it; let him speak that out in love and tenderness to the poor, the wayward, the struggling, let him look over the heads of the merely respectable who have only selfishness for their creed; let him go to the homes of

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those who need to hear the consoling words of Christ, and not the conceited invention of some professor of chemistry, and then the churches will be filled to overflowing as ours are, as this Cathedral is today.

“‘Let them all drop the fads and frills of a false social and moral standard of life and get down to the hearts of men and of things. We are tired to death of theories which never solve anything and only breed confusion. The world is being talked to death with a new sociology, and a new religion, and a new system of pedagogy, at the end of every public dinner.

“‘Amid all this riot of talk who can really think? It is thought, not talk, that is most wanted and most needed. It is consideration of old and eternal truths, truths eternal and immutable, that will bring back to those even outside the true Church respect for Christian principles and Christian ideals.’

“A few days after this report was printed, I saw a letter in the *New York Sun* from a Congregational minister of Brooklyn, in which he says, commenting on the Cardinal’s sermon:

“‘It has the ring of sincerity and the



foundation of substantiality. The world is sick and tired of mere speculative discoursing. When will preachers realize that it is too late in the day to overthrow truths which have stood the test of centuries and which have been accepted by the best minds of all the ages? Man needs an anchorage in his thinking. This everlasting drifting is dangerous and leads nowhere.’’

“That is very interesting,” said Mr. Gates. “Cardinal O’Connell, I know, is a man of great ability, and force of character. But his ideas on the subject of Modernism are evidently more in accord with your views than mine.”

“When we are all home again, in October,” said Mr. Seton, “I want you to meet my friend, Dr. Chambers. He has studied the subject of Modernism in all its ramifications, and can tell you just where its evil influence is felt.”

“I shall be very glad to meet him,” replied Mr. Gates. “But I must hurry back to my office now.”

## XI

### The Oft Told Tale

**J**ULY was a hot month this year, and August scarcely less so. Indeed the heat was more oppressive in the latter month than in July, although the thermometer did not generally range so high. People — especially those who were compelled to remain in the city — became exhausted by the trying weather, and had less power of endurance than in the early part of the season. Robert Hamilton was therefore more than ready to accept Eugene Seton's invitation to go up to Lenox with him the last week in August, to spend three or four days at the Aspinwall. As can easily be imagined, Robert had other and stronger reasons for being pleased at Eugene's suggestion, that a little trip to the Berkshires would do him a world of good, than any idea that he would escape the oppressive heat of the City. The memory of his last

visit in Lenox was very sweet to him, and in spirit he had often taken himself back to that part of the world.

Mrs. Seton wrote Eugene that she had invited the Gates' to come up and spend a few days with them, and Mrs. Gates had accepted the invitation for herself and Ruth. Dorothy was expecting Norman Dudley down from New York the last of the week, and couldn't think of leaving Greenwich; and Mr. Gates felt that it would hardly be the correct thing for both Mrs. Gates and himself to absent themselves from Greenwich during Dudley's visit. Ralph had an engagement to go off on a yachting cruise with some of his chums.

Eugene and Robert left New York Friday afternoon, and met Mrs. Gates and her youngest daughter, Ruth, by appointment, at South Norwalk. The ride through the Housatonic Valley is very picturesque, especially from New Milford North, and they enjoyed every mile of it, in the cool of the early evening; as they did, too, the four-mile trip by automobile from the Lenox Station, up the hill, and through the pretty village, to the Aspinwall. They reached the

hotel a little after eight, and received a cordial welcome. On account of the lateness of the hour, a special dinner had been ordered, and was thoroughly appreciated by the hungry travelers.

As they left the dining room, they were met in the rotunda by a number of friends and Summer acquaintances. Among these was a young gentleman from Kansas City, by the name of Cary, who was evidently on the lookout for them. He was a decided blond, with rather small features, low forehead, light gray eyes and smooth face. His speech and manner in conversation were of that breezy character which is supposed to distinguish the denizens of some of our Western cities. Mr. Cary was a great admirer of Helen and tried very hard, albeit rather unsuccessfully, to make himself agreeable to her. If she started out alone to stroll through the grounds, he was at her side before she had gone a hundred yards. If she sought out a quiet corner where she might read, undisturbed, the ubiquitous Cary was sure to find her, and before she had finished a chapter she would hear his obsequious voice: "Good morning, Miss

Seton. You seem to be quite absorbed in your book; I hope it's a good story."

She would look up with a weary expression, without closing her book, and reply, "very good"; and then attempt to go on with her reading. But the young gentleman was not quick to take a hint, and would continue something after this fashion: "Did you notice the arrivals this morning? There was a bunch of 'em. A dandy Kansas car drew up at the front door a few moments ago, and landed two stunning looking girls. I think I have seen them in Kansas City." Helen would listen with as much politeness as possible, but at the first opportunity would return to her book; or, if the case seemed hopeless, would excuse herself and go up stairs.

This evening Cary was waiting for Helen in the hall. As she came from the dining room, talking with Hamilton and appearing in the best of spirits, he cast a glaring look at her companion, and then, after a momentary hesitation, approached. "Good evening, Miss Seton, you are dining late tonight," he said. "We have missed you."

"Yes," she replied, "we are a little late;

we waited for our friends, who arrived this evening from New York. Mr. Cary, Mr. Hamilton." Robert was about to extend his hand, but a very ceremonious bow from young Cary held him off. As the latter was paying his respects to the other members of the party, Helen and Mr. Hamilton walked on and made their way out to the Western piazza.

"Your friend is inclined to be somewhat ceremonious, I should imagine," said Robert.

"Very much so to-night," replied Helen. "O I think Mr. Cary means well; he is quite harmless; but I am afraid he has an exaggerated opinion of his own importance."

"A very common failing, I suspect, Miss Seton. The world is full of people who feel that they are not appreciated as they should be."

"In other words, Mr. Hamilton, humility, you think, is not a very common virtue. By the by, have you kept your promise about reading a chapter of the 'Imitation' every day?"

"Faithfully, I assure you, ever since that memorable day when you made me happy by giving me your copy of it."

"And what do you think of Thomas à Kempis?"

"Certainly a very remarkable man; and his little book, 'The Following of Christ,' is the most beautiful work I have ever read; full of wisdom and of elevating thoughts from cover to cover. I love it for your sake, I read it for my own. I shall always carry it with me, for it seems to reveal, in simple language, yet with profound, intuitive knowledge, every thought and aspiration, as well as every temptation and trial of the human heart and soul. It is, I think, the classic of mysticism."

He spoke with an earnestness that left no doubt of his sincerity. He seemed to forget himself for the moment; to be unmindful of the gay, worldly throng about him. Had he been an ardent suitor, pleading his cause in the language of love, his words could hardly have gone more directly to Helen's heart and won a more sympathetic response. She smiled, but did not trust herself for the moment to speak. She was therefore both disappointed and relieved by the approach of their friends, her father walking with Mrs. Gates, her mother with

Eugene. They rose to their feet and stood till the older people were seated. Ruth and Louis remained inside where they joined a coterie of young people.

"Do you think you like Greenwich well enough to go back there another season?" asked Mrs. Seton.

"I hardly think so," replied Mrs. Gates. "It is an attractive place certainly, and we have a very comfortable house, nicely furnished, and ample grounds; we have made, too, some pleasant acquaintances. Ralph likes it, principally, I think, because he is crazy about yachting; he is on the water most of the time when he is away from the City. But neither Mr. Gates nor I like the situation altogether, and both of us feel that people living in New York eight or nine months of the year, ought, when they go away, to have more of a change — to spend the Summer months in the mountains, if possible, or at least a little further away from the seashore. Of course the proximity to New York is a great attraction; Mr. Gates and Ralph can come home easily every night. To me the most serious objection to Greenwich is the social demands we



are subject to there. It is one constant round of gayeties, and Dorothy rarely spends an evening at home. We feel, Mr. Gates and I, that after a strenuous Fall and Winter season in the City we ought to take a little rest in the Summer months; and it is quite impossible to do that where daily receptions and dances are the rule. But, we have to consult the children in these matters, and can't make any move which doesn't meet their approval. So you see we are necessarily undecided in our plans until the young people have made known their wishes; and even then we realize that they are liable any moment to change their mind."


"I quite agree with you, Mrs. Gates, that people living most of the year on the coast should spend their vacation months in the mountains," said Mr. Seton; "a change of air, as well as of scenery, is beneficial. As to a choice of location, we consult the children to be sure, and are influenced by their tastes and wishes; but we generally find that any suggestion we make meets with their hearty approval. Am I right, Helen?"

"I certainly hope so, papa; your pleasure is always ours."

"As to the frivolous gayeties of social life, the less we have of them during the Summer the better pleased we are. When we start out to enjoy the charms of country life, we want the real thing—something which smells of the woods and fields and wild flowers, rather than the artificial attractions which belong to city life."

"But Mr. Seton, what do young people find to occupy their time and amuse them here?"

"Well, our golf links are as fine as any one could wish for; we have two excellent tennis courts on the hotel grounds; the drives through the Berkshires are famous, and we rustic pedestrians know of no better walks in the world than we find here. The musical attractions of the hotel are unusually good, as you know, and the site of the house is unsurpassed by anything I know of in the country. Of course if young people insist upon being amused like children in a nursery, or entertained constantly by novelties that will relieve them of ennui; in other words, if they expect to find 'something doing' all the time, I suppose Lenox is hardly the place for them. We find plenty



to interest us in this beautiful country, and need no artificial stimulus to make life enjoyable."

"What is that beautiful air the cellist is playing?" asked Robert, speaking in an undertone to Helen, who sat near him.

"O that's another of Rogovoy's favorites, 'Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt.' He plays it with a great deal of expression, and there is always a hush in the room when he begins it. I presume he is playing it now by request."

"Why of course; I remember it very well. What do you say to our walking over near the open windows of the music room, where we can hear better?"

Helen looked to her mother inquiringly, and as Mrs. Seton gave her a smile, which she interpreted as meaning "all right," she rose, and the two young people walked quietly to the further end of the veranda.

"Innocence," said Eugene turning to his mother, who sat next to him. "Do you suppose they think we don't see through that little ruse; that we believe they have gone over there, because they can enjoy the music any better?"

"I suspect they are more interested in what they are talking about, than in the music," replied Mrs. Seton.

When the soloist finished the air he was playing, Robert, who stood with Helen near the Southern steps of the veranda, said to her:

"How prettily the electric lamps light up the woods. Let us take a little stroll through the grove; will you?"

For a moment, there was a little conflict of thought in Helen's mind. Love said: "Why not? It's certainly very innocent. You are going only a few steps from the house." But another inner voice said: "Would mother approve of your walking alone with a young gentleman in the evening? You have never done so before. Hadn't you better decline politely now?"

But there was no mother near to consult, even by a look; it wasn't such a dreadful thing after all; what possible harm could there be? Love conquered.

As they reached the path leading through the grove to the Aspinwall cottages, Robert offered his arm. Again there was a slight mental agitation, a little self questioning;

but it was only momentary — as fleeting as the breath of evening that fanned her cheeks. She deliberated just long enough to gather up her skirts — as though that were necessary — then her hand rested on his arm.

“Isn’t this fascinating, Miss Helen? Pardon me; *may* I call you Miss Helen?”

“If you *want* to, certainly.” Her head was bowed, and her eyes fixed on the ground.

“Don’t you really know, Miss Helen, that I want to? The name is very sweet to me; I can not repeat it too often.”

She was conscious now that he was bending over, looking earnestly into her face. She raised her head, and their eyes met. The tale was told. A thousand words in fervent language could not have revealed more truthfully each other’s thoughts. The lips may deceive; the eyes are the very windows of the soul.

At that moment they heard a sweet soprano voice, through the open windows of one of the cottages, singing, with piano accompaniment, the old love song:



*"Don't Let the Roses Listen"*

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*"Don't let the roses listen,  
Don't let the night star wink,  
Don't let the dew drops glisten,  
Whilst I tell thee of whom I think."*

Helen was startled. It seemed to her that Robert drew her more closely to him, as the last verse was sung.

"Let us hurry back, Mr. Hamilton. I am afraid our friends will think it strange that we have stayed away so long."

When Helen reached her room that night, she threw herself into the large arm chair and rested her head on her hand. Presently she began to soliloquize in this manner:

"Well Helen Seton, will you please tell me what this all means — why you are so nervous and excited. I never knew you to be so worked up over a trifle in my life. I didn't say anything after all, and Mr. Hamilton certainly said very little." But when she stopped and thought over that "very little," and remembered just how it was said, and recalled the expression in Robert's face when she looked up into his eyes and smiled, her heart told her that it was something more than nervous excitement that




sent the color to her cheeks. There stole through her whole being a delicious sense of sweet happiness, born perhaps of the secret knowledge that she possessed a hidden treasure.

She was wrapped in these pleasant thoughts when her mother knocked at the door and entered the room. Helen rose and met her very affectionately. Placing her hands on Helen's shoulders and studying her face for a moment, she said: "My dear child, I am afraid you are very tired to-night."

Helen put her arms about her mother's neck, and rested her head upon her breast. This was no new thing for her to do; she was always affectionate and demonstrative with her mother. But her action to-night was rather abrupt — they were both standing — and seemed, perhaps, more affectionate and confiding than usual. It confirmed the impression which her mother had had from the moment of Robert's arrival.

"Helen dear, I have noticed that Mr. Hamilton is quite attentive to you. I hope you are very careful not to give him any encouragement. You know, my dear child, he is not a Catholic."



Helen raised her head, and looking her mother frankly in the face said: "My precious mother, Mr. Hamilton is more of a Catholic than you imagine."

"Indeed?" replied Mrs. Seton. "I am glad to hear that. But is it possible that his religious convictions may be influenced by his regard for you?"

"O mother dear, you do Mr. Hamilton a great injustice. If I were to die to-night, his entrance into the Church, I am convinced, would not be long delayed."

"May God grant him the gift of faith," replied her mother, "and the grace to follow where the divine light leads him."

When Mrs. Seton told her husband of her interview with Helen, he replied: "I am not at all surprised by what she says of Mr. Hamilton. The sermon he listened to on his last visit here made a decided impression on his mind, and he has been reading, I know, two or three books which I suggested to him at that time. He told me he was anxious to learn more about the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church, and asked me to help him in making a selection

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of books to read. Of course I was only too glad to do so.

"But Anna, I have been having quite a talk with Charlotte about her school. What she tells me confirms in a measure the views I have heard expressed in several quarters. I am afraid our Catholic Colleges and Convent schools have not wholly escaped the spirit of Modernism, which seems to have crept in everywhere. I believe there is less discipline, and as a consequence less solid work at study, than there was a few years ago. And then the disposition on the part of our school and college authorities to pander to the extravagant tastes and luxurious habits of the wealthy classes is demoralizing."

"I haven't a doubt of it," said Mrs. Seton. "I have been impressed for a long time with the fact you speak of. One might imagine that our educators had taken a leaf from the pedagogics of Madame Montessori. According to her theory, I believe, children are to be interfered with as little as possible. They are supposed to educate themselves, as it were, the teachers sitting around like encyclopedias, or diction-

aries, ready to answer any question they are asked."

"I have talked with some of our good college professors about the matter," continued Mr. Seton, "and have been a good deal surprised at what they said. It was to the effect that while they regret it, they believe that unless they 'let down the bars,' that is concede certain extraordinary liberties, demanded by the spirit of the age, their students will leave them and go elsewhere. Of course I didn't argue that point with them; but I regretted very much that they took that view of the situation. It is, I think, a concession to Modernism where we should least expect to find it.

"I was very much pleased by the remarks of Ex-President Taft 'at the commencement exercises of a young ladies' school in Philadelphia a few days ago. He criticised severely the present day tendency to defer too much to the likes and dislikes of children."

Reaching for a book on the table which he had been reading, Mr. Seton took from it a newspaper clipping. "In the course of his remarks Mr. Taft said:

“‘We are coddling our boys and girls. We are giving them too much freedom; we are humoring their immature and callow preferences and desires, and we are not, through obedience and authority, teaching them the lessons that are essential to making them successful and useful members of the community. And, more than this, we are seeking to cure defects in our education, as well as in our society, by mere democracy. We have had the ridiculous exhibition of school children striking because some favorite principal was transferred to another school, and we find the newspapers stimulating such movements, and weak-minded parents looking with pride upon the courage and enterprise of their offspring.’

“Referring to the so-called elective system adopted a few years ago in some of our universities, he said: ‘A mistake was made in our universities in the adoption of the general optional system, on the assumption that a youth of seventeen or eighteen was competent to select the branches he ought to pursue in receiving an academic education. The plan led to the graduation of one-sided young men from academic institutions which

were supposed to turn out well-rounded intellects, upon which further education in professions or vocations could properly be based. Now we have realized the mistake in the universities and there has been a reaction.' ”

## XII

### Coming Events Cast their Shadows

**A**FTER breakfast Saturday morning the young people took possession of the Tennis Courts. Helen and Robert played against Charlotte and Eugene, and after two hours of warm work were beaten by a score of five to four. They were all good players, and the game was watched with much interest by the guests of the hotel. Among these was Mr. Cary. He had made the acquaintance of the "two stunning looking girls" who had arrived the morning before in the "dandy Kansas car." They were Mrs. Anderson and her sister, Miss Ford, of Topeka, Kansas. They were both dressed in rather striking colors, with diaphanous skirts, wore large diamonds, and — were chewing gum. Cary sat next to Miss Ford, criticising the game; he himself, it might be noted, was one of the poorest tennis players of the Summer colony. He

was especially severe in his criticism of Hamilton's playing. Whenever Robert missed a ball, or sent it beyond the lines, or against the net, Cary would laugh scornfully, or call out in a loud voice "Oh! Oh!" And then of course he would turn and explain to Miss Ford and her sister just what should have been done. As Helen was leaving the court with Robert, Cary called out, without rising, or lifting his hat: "Good work, Miss Seton, good work; you ought to have won — if you hadn't been so badly handicapped."

Mr. Seton had met an old friend, an Episcopal clergyman of New York, and walked down to the village with him, to point out some of the attractions of Lenox. There are in fact many points of interest well worth visiting in the old Berkshire town. Mrs. Seton and Mrs. Gates had found a quiet corner on the Western piazza, after the gentlemen left, and were discussing family matters of special interest.

"I have been very anxious for sometime past to talk with you," said Mrs. Gates, "about a matter which is giving Mr. Gates and myself some uneasiness. You know, I presume, that Norman Dudley has been



very attentive to Dorothy. They have been inseparable for the last three months, and now Mr. Dudley has proposed to her. He seems to be very much of a gentleman, and personally I see no objection to him. But of course we know nothing of his family; and Mr. Gates, for some reason which I can't quite understand, has a feeling, I won't say of suspicion, but of distrust regarding Dudley. He says there are times when his look and manner are peculiar, and put my husband on his guard. And yet he seems to like him in a way, chats familiarly with him and is interested in what he has to say. Dorothy is determined to marry him, and although she tells me she is not engaged, I think she has given Dudley to understand that just as soon as she obtains our consent, she will become his wife. He claims that his father is a baron, and owns large estates in England, which will come into Norman's possession, with the title, when Lord Dudley dies. Mr. Gates has written to some of his business friends in London, asking for any information they can give him regarding the Dudley family. Now my dear friend, will you tell me what I

ought to do in this matter? What can I do under the circumstances?"

"Mrs. Gates, whatever else you may decide upon in this matter, one point seems very clear to me; that is, that you should not give your consent to Dorothy's marrying Mr. Dudley until you know more about him, and who his family are."

"Then you distrust him."

"I don't say that; nor does my remark imply that I think he is unworthy of your confidence. But I certainly should never give my consent to my daughter's marrying a man of whom I knew so little, however attractive he might be in personal appearance and manners."

"But Mrs. Seton, supposing I should refuse my consent. Dorothy, you know, has always had her own way; she has generally done about as she pleased, and Mr. Gates and I have never thought it wise to oppose her wishes. Really I am afraid if we should contradict her in this matter now, she would simply take things in her own hands and go off quietly and get married. Dorothy, you must remember, is eighteen years of age."

"Well, if she were to do that, the responsibility would be her own; and I don't see how, under the circumstances, you could do anything to prevent it. But if you were to give your consent, and the marriage proved to be an unhappy one, you would never forgive yourself for your part in the mesalliance. I hardly think Dorothy would be so rash as to take the step in opposition to your wishes; at least you might persuade her to give you a little time to think the matter over — time sufficient to obtain the information you are expecting from England."

"Mrs. Seton, you do not really know Dorothy. When she has once made up her mind to do anything, she will brook no opposition; any attempt to restrain her impetuosity, or to suggest caution, only seems to intensify her determination to act; she is not open to advice, much less to persuasion."

"I can see but one other course then for you to pursue, Mrs. Gates. It would be a drastic measure for you to resort to, but I think perfectly justifiable under such circumstances as you describe. If you and Mr. Gates were to make known not only to Dorothy but to Mr. Dudley as well, that if

they take this step against your wishes, all pecuniary assistance will be cut off, I think it might make a decided difference in their plans."

"O that would be cruel, Mrs. Seton. I don't think Mr. Gates would approve of any thing of that sort. After all it is only a matter of a little independence or self-will on her part. Dorothy has made up her mind that she is going to marry Mr. Dudley. I don't think anything we can say, or do, is going to prevent her from doing so. It is simply a question of whether we can in any way bring about a postponement of the marriage until we receive information from the other side definitely confirming what I have no doubt myself is true. Dorothy is a smart girl, and I don't imagine she is going to make a fool of herself, although she is, I confess, very indiscreet."

"I am afraid then, my dear friend, I can not be of any assistance to you, much as I would like to. You of course understand Dorothy better than I do, and will know how to approach her on the subject of deferring her marriage, if that is possible, better than any one else. But tell me, how is Ruth getting on with her studies?"

"Well really, Mrs. Seton, I hardly know, but I think she is doing very well; at least Miss Perkins, her visiting governess, says she is. She has been taking courses in English literature and science for some months past, and seems quite interested in her studies."

"That's excellent; I am glad to hear it. What authors does she principally use in her study of English literature?"

"That I don't know, Mrs. Seton; but from the books she has on her desk I imagine her favorite authors are Kipling, Dickens and Mark Twain."

"They are all very good in their way, Mrs. Gates, as reading for amusement; but I should hardly think her teacher would give her the works of those authors as standards of the best English literature."

"I think she does, Mrs. Seton. I have often heard Ruth speak of them as being dry and uninteresting. For lighter reading her shelves are filled with modern novels, which she and Dorothy spend a great deal of time over. In fact I believe they have both of them read all the best sellers."

For a moment Mrs. Seton said nothing,

but gazed off thoughtfully into the distance, her brow slightly knitted. The thought running through her mind was, "shall I accomplish any good by telling this poor, dear friend what a terrible mistake she is making in bringing her children up, or rather, allowing them to grow up according to radical modern methods?" One of her favorite maxims had always been, "Think before you speak," and now, in less time than it would require to describe her thoughts, she had decided that for the present at least it would be prudent for her to maintain silence. The subject was too serious for her to speak about hastily. She felt that her friend was acting very unwisely, pursuing a course in regard to her children that might, and probably would lead to serious results, the responsibility for which must necessarily rest upon their parents. She would consider well, and advise with her husband, whether any thing she could say or do would be likely to have any effect. Turning pleasantly to Mrs. Gates she asked: "What branch of science is Ruth studying?"

"No one branch, in particular, I fancy," replied her friend. "I think Miss Perkins

is giving her a general course on the whole subject. The text book she uses is a very excellent one, called, I believe, 'Popular Science.' "

It was with some difficulty that Mrs. Seton restrained a smile, as she realized that the situation had its comical, as well as its serious side. She was relieved as she saw Mr. Seton approaching.

Mrs. Gates was really not as weak minded, or silly a woman as her conversation this morning with Mrs. Seton would make her appear. In general conversation she was entertaining, and often witty. She was familiar with the history of most New York families of any social distinction; could give you the maiden name of all the prominent married women, and in the case of a divorcee, tell you who her first husband was, and the latter's second matrimonial choice, if he had made any. The social customs of the day and the correct style of dress were an open book to her. She was quite familiar with all the plays presented this season, and for several years past in New York, and who the principal actors and actresses were. She was fond of discussing with her friends the

interesting features of the many social functions she had attended; and as her memory was good, she was always entertaining in social gossip. Any one, however, who knew this much and no more of Mrs. Gates, would have but a poor knowledge of her character. She was a woman of kindly impulses and a generous nature. She never really spoke uncharitably of any one, her severest criticisms being leveled against bad taste in matters of dress, or crudeness in social etiquette. Moreover, she and Mr. Gates had been generous contributors to many works of charity — philanthropy, they preferred to call it. It was this amiable disposition that had drawn Mrs. Seton, as well as many other friends, to her, and made them lenient towards her errors of judgment. Unfortunately she was so absorbed in the frivolities of gay, fashionable life — she spoke of them always as her “social duties” — that she had little time to devote to the more serious duties of domestic life. And then, both she and Mr. Gates were prepossessed with modern ideas regarding parental obligations. Their theory was that young people know, better than



others, what they want, and what is really best for them; they should dress as they please, choose their own friends and associates, and visit such places of amusement as are most attractive to them. Their reading should be of their own selection, and their course of studies elective. Nor is this an exaggerated statement of the liberty — or license — enjoyed by a constantly growing number of the youth of the present day. Naturally enough their ideas of parental authority and discipline, and of the respect due to age, are painfully contracted.

"Where have you been all the morning?" asked Mrs. Seton, as her husband approached.

"I met our old friend, Dr. Curtis, of New York, this morning in the office," replied Mr. Seton. "You have heard of him, I presume, Mrs. Gates; he is a young Episcopal clergyman, who has aroused a good deal of discussion, favorable as well as unfavorable, by his pronounced High Church views, and the somewhat ritualistic ceremonies he has endeavored to introduce in his own church. Whatever the merits of the discussion, I am sure Dr. Curtis is sincere, and a well informed man."

"Probably on the road to Rome," remarked Mrs. Gates.

"I hope so," replied Mr. Seton; "but we have touched very lightly in our conversations thus far, upon controversial questions. So I really know very little of his theological views, except in so far as I have read newspaper comments upon his sermons. He arrived last night from New York, on the same train that brought you and Eugene. As this is his first visit here, I undertook to show him some of the interesting features of Lenox. We walked to the village, strolled leisurely through Walker and Kemble streets, visited the Episcopal Church, which Dr. Curtis admired very much, although I believe he called it, as we came out, the 'Lenox Hall of Fame,' on account of the many bronze memorial tablets which cover the inner walls; went into the pretty little St. Helena's Chapel — erected by one of our prominent New York lawyers, in memory of his wife — and of course admired the elegant parsonage in the rear. On our way back, after a visit to the Library, we spent a few minutes in our own beautiful Church of St. Ann. I noticed that the Doctor genuflected

as he entered a pew with me, and bowed his head for some time in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament; and when we came out, he was enthusiastic in his praise of the architectural beauty of the building, as well as the devotional atmosphere of the church. Coming up the hill we stopped at the old cemetery in the rear of the Congregational Church. Really it is a very interesting spot to visit. There are tombstones that have stood there for more than a hundred and twenty-five years; and most of the old ones bear very quaint inscriptions.

"That, Mrs. Seton, is a pretty full report of my morning's outing. I should tell you, by the way, that I have invited Dr. Curtis to take a drive with us this afternoon, through the estates, if agreeable to you ladies."

"I guess Mrs. Gates won't object to seeing something more of Lenox," replied Mrs. Seton; "and you know I am always ready for a drive. Here come our young tennis players, looking as though they had fought a hard battle. Well, who won the game?" she asked, as Helen and Charlotte both leaned over to kiss their mother, and the young

gentlemen stood 'near, with their hats in their hands.

"O mother, they beat us badly," replied Helen; "Charlotte and Eugene, you must know, make a strong team at tennis."

"That sounds very pretty indeed," said Charlotte; "but it's a slight stretch of imagination. As a matter of fact, Helen and Mr. Hamilton led us, up to the last half of the final set; and then, by one or two scratches, Eugene and I forged ahead and won out. Isn't that so, Eugene?"

He smiled, as he looked first at Helen and then at Robert. "I think Charlotte is quite right," he said. "Indeed if our friends, the enemy, had devoted their superb talents strictly to the game, instead of soaring in imagination to things higher, and no doubt better, I am afraid we should have been ignominiously defeated."

"O you wretch!" exclaimed Helen; "next time we won't let you off so easy."

"No quarter will be asked, or given, sir," said Robert.

"Ah, here come the children, looking as though they, too, had been indulging in some strenuous game," said Mrs. Seton.

Louis put his arm about his mother's neck and kissed her affectionately. Ruth stood off quite independently, looking as though she saw no reason for any such needless demonstration on Louis' part. Mrs. Seton, however, noticed a little look of disappointment in Mrs. Gates' face.

Louis asked his mother if he might accept an invitation which Ruth and he had received to motor over to Pittsfield that afternoon with some young friends, to attend the matinee at the Pittsfield Theatre. When she learned that the young friends were children of a family whom she knew, and that Mrs. Field herself was to chaperon the party, she readily gave her consent.

"Don't you want to go, Ruth?" asked Mrs. Gates. "Sure I'm going," was the reply; which settled the matter so far as the young lady was concerned.

So after an early lunch "the children" climbed into a large touring car, and left in high spirits for Pittsfield; a little later "the grown ups," including the Reverend Dr. Curtis, took their carriage for the regulation drive, and "the young people" started off on a long walk.

As Charlotte had chosen the route to be followed this afternoon, she led the way, with Eugene as her escort. Reaching the old white church, she turned to the right, descended the hill through Greenwood to Cliffwood street, and a few yards north entered Yokun Avenue.

"Isn't this lovely?" said Charlotte, as they passed the entrance to the Golf Club, and followed the bend of the Avenue southward.

"Beautiful," replied Hamilton; "one of the finest streets I have seen in Lenox. I admire your good taste, Miss Charlotte."

"Yes," said Eugene, "it ranks, I think, with Kemble and Stockbridge streets. Any one who really enjoys walking, will find no better country in the world for that exercise than Lenox."

Five minutes' walk brought them to the entrance to "Stonover." "Come children," said Charlotte, turning to the right and marching ahead, as though she were introducing them to her own grounds; "keep your eyes wide open now. I am going to give you a little glimpse of my favorite ramble." The distance across the estate,

from Yokun Avenue to West Road, in a direct line, is something less than a mile; but by the winding road which they followed it is considerably more, and every rod of it reveals some new attraction.

"Will you please tell me, Charlotte, how in the world you ever discovered this fairy-land?" asked Eugene.

"A fairy godmother brought Louis and me here one fine morning a few weeks ago. You see, Eugene, you are so infatuated with the wonderful walk around the mountain, and the beautiful shade trees of Kemble street, that you don't care to go off, as I do, on voyages of discovery. I have two or three other fascinating little rambles that I will introduce you to—that is, if you will bring me a five-pound box of bon-bons the next time you come up from the City."

"But what about Miss Helen and myself?" asked Hamilton. "Are we to be excluded from these voyages of discovery?"

"O no indeed; you can go along as the artists and reporters of the expedition, on condition that you don't spend too much time dreaming and writing poetry."

"You saucy creature!" exclaimed Helen.

"Eugene, box her ears for me." Charlotte scampered off with Eugene chasing after her. But it was decidedly too warm for that sort of exercise, and they were both quite ready, after a short run, to drop into a rustic seat by the roadside, in the shade of a wide-spreading oak. They were passing through one of the prettiest sections of this beautiful estate. Nature and art combined to make the surrounding country both wild and cultivated. An easy descent in the winding road brought them suddenly to an outlook quite different from that which they had just been admiring. The road was still delightfully shaded, but to the right there was a broad open field, with stately trees of different species, scattered here and there, of such beautiful shape and proportion, one might readily believe that the "natural selection" here had resulted in the "survival of the fittest." The nearest of these was a cluster of half a dozen large, graceful, white birches, all springing from a common root, and spreading out like great jets from a fountain. On the farther side of the field, as a sort of background to the scene, huge gray rocks were embedded in the abrupt



surrounding hill, half covered with shrubs and wild flowers.

"O isn't this fascinating?" exclaimed Helen, as she stopped to admire the scene. It seems to me I could be happy all my life amidst such beautiful surroundings."

"And I am sure I should love to share your happiness," said Robert. Helen made no reply; indeed she looked off in the opposite direction, as though she had not quite heard what he said. Evidently his remark gave no offense.

When they reached West Road, they found it so dusty, with so few shade trees, that they decided to return the same way they came; except that when they were again on Yokun Avenue, they turned to the right as far as West street, which brought them to the Paterson monument, in the centre of the town. Before climbing the long, steep hill to the Aspinwall, they made a little visit to St. Ann's Church. Helen was pleased to see that Robert was as reverential and devout as were the others who knelt near him before the altar, with bowed heads.

Saturday night at the hotel was given up, according to custom, to dancing. As our

friends did not care to participate in the modern fandango, they took their seats as usual on the veranda near the open windows of the ball room, where they could see and hear to advantage. Ruth, however, soon tired of sitting still, while there was so much going on inside. She declared she "couldn't stand it," and marched off alone. In the lobby she met two or three young lads whose acquaintance she had made that afternoon, and accepted an invitation from one of them to dance. The fact that they were the youngest couple on the floor did not seem to interfere at all with her enjoyment of the vigorous "one-step." The others of the party were tired after a fatiguing day, and retired early. Ruth remained in the ball room until the musicians had packed their instruments and left the hall. It was nearly midnight when she went up stairs alone. Her father and mother were asleep.

## XIII

### The Dawn of Light

**R**OBERT HAMILTON insisted upon going to early Mass with the Setons Sunday morning, and when they came down stairs soon after seven o'clock, he was waiting for them on the front piazza. As was their custom, they walked to church, and the hotel automobile met them there as they came out, after Mass, and brought them up the steep hill. Mr. Seton handed Robert a prayer book, as they entered the church, and Helen, who sat next to him, noticed that he studied it intently, and followed the prayers of Mass very closely all the way through. He genuflected as he entered the pew, knelt and stood with the others, and even made the sign of the cross; for, he argued with himself, the cross is the emblem of Christianity, and there certainly can be nothing illogical, or superstitious in a Christian's tracing its sacred form rev-

erently over his head and breast. When the others rose to approach the communion rail, he turned to Helen and asked: "May I go with you?" "No, not yet," she replied. He looked disappointed, but remained quietly on his knees, while they went forward. The spirit of recollection and sincere humility depicted in their faces as they returned to the pew, made a profound impression upon him, and he bowed his head with them, as they knelt to make their thanksgiving. A flood of new thoughts rushed in upon his mind as he remained in this position. Why was he a stranger to the emotions of divine love, of gratitude and joy which he knew filled the hearts of the friends who knelt beside him. Could it be that in all these acts of faith and love they were merely victims of self-deception? Or had his own intellectual vision been clouded, and he groping in error? Had he thus far given any serious thought to the great vital question of human life—how loyally to serve his Creator, and by that loyal service to accomplish his own eternal salvation? Had his classical education, and the worldly wisdom upon which he prided

himself so much, or his experience in the practical affairs of life, fitted him to distinguish truth from error, or to comprehend the essential doctrines of Christianity? What did he know, what had he ever learned of the teachings of the Christian religion? He recalled the words of our Lord, which had made a lasting impression on his mind, when in his childhood he had heard his mother read them: "*Enter ye in at the narrow gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there are who go in thereat. How narrow is the gate, and strait is the way that leadeth to life; and few there are that find it.*" He was startled as he reflected now upon these words, and asked himself if it were possible that he, Robert Hamilton, was among the many who have gone in at the wide gate and followed the broad way. Covering his face with his hands, he lifted his soul to God, and prayed earnestly: "My Heavenly Father, do not let me wander away from Thee in darkness; send me the light which I need; make clear to me the path Thou wouldst have me follow. My God, teach me the truth; dispel all error from my mind and

heart; in Thy mercy give me the spirit of sincere humility and self abnegation, and grant me the grace to follow wherever Thy voice shall call me."

He was still absorbed in these prayerful reflections, with bowed head, when Helen touched his arm and said: "Mr. Hamilton, we are going now." She noticed, as he looked up, that his face wore an anxious expression; and on their way up the hill, in the automobile, as he seemed disinclined to conversation, little was said by any of the party. Later in the morning, when they were all sitting out on the Western piazza, the gentlemen smoking, Robert walked over and took a seat near Mr. Seton.

"I wanted to ask you a question, Mr. Seton," he said, "in regard to the Mass."

"Certainly, Mr. Hamilton; I shall be glad to answer it, if I am able to do so."

"As I understand, from your prayer book, when the priest at the Offertory, raises the paten and says the prayer *Suscipe, sancte Pater*, the host upon it is simply unleavened bread; and when he lifts the chalice, saying, *Offerimus tibi, Domine, calicem salutaris*, it contains only wine and water."

"Yes, that is correct, Mr. Hamilton."

"When does transubstantiation take place? When are the bread and wine changed, as you believe, into the Body and Blood of Christ?"

"At the consecration," replied Mr. Seton; "when the priest repeats the words of our Divine Lord at the Last Supper, '*Hoc est enim Corpus meum*' (for this is my Body); and, '*Hic est enim Calix Sanguinis mei, etc.*' (for this is the Chalice of my Blood etc.)."

"And it is an article of faith of the Catholic Church, is it not, that after the consecration there is no longer present bread and wine, but only the Body and Blood of our Lord, under the appearance of these species?"

"Yes, Mr. Hamilton, that is and always has been the teaching of the Church, since our Lord gave himself as food to his disciples the night before he suffered and died upon the cross. In the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar we adore the Body and Blood, the Soul and Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"However ancient that faith may be, Mr. Seton, don't you think it is rather a hard doctrine to accept?"

"That is perhaps a natural question for a non-Catholic to ask. The same point was raised nearly two thousand years ago, when the doctrine was first enunciated by our Lord. Let us go back to original sources before answering that question. Louis will you run up to our room and get me a copy of the New Testament which you will find on the table."

"Certainly, father," replied Louis, as he hurried off; and in less than five minutes he returned with the book.

"Mr. Hamilton, I am going to read to you a passage from the gospel of St. John, chapter six. Our Lord had said to His hearers: '*Except you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up in the last day. For My flesh is meat indeed; and My blood is drink indeed*'; and more to the same effect. St. John tells us, 'Many therefore of His disciples hearing it, said: "This saying is hard, and who can hear it?"' After this many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him. Then Jesus said to the



twelve: "Will you also go away?" And Simon Peter answered Him: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." This account of the teaching of our Divine Lord, given us by the beloved disciple, St. John, shows that from the first there were those who found it 'hard' to accept the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Blessed Eucharist. Nevertheless it was accepted by Christ's chosen disciples, and has been an article of faith of the Catholic Church from that day through all the centuries down to the present time. St. Paul, the Apostle of the gentiles, after referring to the words of our Lord at the Last Supper, says to the Corinthians: *'Therefore whosoever shall eat this bread or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and of the blood of the Lord. . . . He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord.'* The Fathers of the Church, without exception, are witnesses to the belief of the Church, during the early centuries of Christianity, in the Real Presence of our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament

of the Altar. The reformers of the sixteenth century attempted to root out and destroy this great fundamental doctrine of Christianity. Their efforts, of course, were vain. Christ Himself had promised that He would be with His Church 'all days, even to the consummation of the world'; and that 'the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' Today, more than ever in the history of the Christian Church, loyal faith and fervent devotion is shown, in every nation of the world to the Blessed Eucharist, to our Lord in the Sacrament of His divine love. The prophecy is fulfilled which was spoken four hundred years before the coming of Christ: *'From the rising of the sun even to the going down, my name is great among the gentiles; and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation.'*

"Mr. Hamilton, I would strongly recommend to you Father Dalgairn's 'Holy Communion.' You will find it an exceedingly interesting and instructive work, philosophical, theological and practical."

Mr. Seton's remarks were here interrupted by Louis, who handed his father the Sunday morning mail. "Louis, here is a letter for

Mrs. Gates," he said, looking the bundle over. "Hand it to her, please; she is sitting with your mother at the other end of the piazza.

"If you will excuse me, young people, I think I will go to my room to open my mail, as I see there is a good deal of it."

Half an hour later Mrs. Seton entered the room. "Charles," she said, "Mrs. Gates has just received a letter from her husband, asking her to return to Greenwich on the first train—tomorrow. He doesn't give her any reason for this sudden change of plans; except to say that matters of importance require her attention at home. I am very much afraid that Dorothy and Mr. Dudley are in some way the cause of Mr. Gates' anxiety to have his wife return at once. She has told me a good deal, since she has been here, about Dorothy's strange infatuation, and her determination to marry Norman Dudley, whether her parents give their consent or not. I wouldn't be at all surprised if Dorothy has committed some terribly rash act."

There was an expression of alarm in Mr. Seton's face as he looked up and heard this

last remark. "I sincerely hope not," he said. "Sit down, if you please, Anna; I have a letter here which I would like you to read. It is, as you will see, confidential, and I would prefer that you make no allusion to it in your conversation with Mrs. Gates. I must tell you in the first place that some weeks ago, at Mr. Gates' request, I wrote to our friend Mr. Grenville, of London, asking him for any information he might have regarding a Mr. John Dudley, whom his son Norman, living at present in New York, speaks of as Lord Dudley. The young gentleman, I said to him, claims that his father owns large estates in the northern part of England, which eventually will come into his, Norman's, possession. An intimate friend of ours here in New York, I added, has entertained young Dudley, and is anxious to learn something of his social and financial status. This is Grenville's reply."

"My dear Mr. Seton:

"In accordance with your request I have made diligent inquiry regarding the circumstances of the family of John Dudley. In

the first place, no such name is to be found among the peerage of England. The young man's story on that subject is simply one of the fairy tales we so often read. The only John Dudley I can learn anything of here is a very respectable woolen merchant, living and doing business in Chelsea. He had a son named Norman, who seems to have earned a somewhat unsavory reputation. He married an excellent young woman by the name of Martha Ellis. Two children, a son and a daughter, were born of this marriage. The mother and children are now living with John Dudley, Norman's father, in Chelsea. After several escapades which created some scandal in the neighborhood, Norman Dudley left his family and went to New York, about a year or so ago. He is said to be rather good looking, quite plausible in his manners and possessed of the faculty of readily winning the confidence of those with whom he comes in contact. My informant who knew him well, described him unhesitatingly as a polished rascal. If I learn any thing more about the fellow, I will advise you of the facts. Of course if he should return to London, he would at once be arrested for

abandonment and non-support of his family, as well as, probably, for some other misdemeanors.

“Very sincerely yours,

Herbert Grenville.”

“Isn’t that perfectly dreadful!” said Mrs. Seton, as her husband folded and replaced the letter in its envelope. “I have never heard of anything quite so shocking in my life. Poor Dorothy! I hope she hasn’t already eloped with Dudley. I think it is the fear of that, which is causing her mother’s greatest anxiety just now. Can you imagine a young lady of refinement being guilty of such gross indiscretion — lost to all sense of dignity and self respect, and utterly indifferent to the wishes and feelings of her parents?”

“I can’t say,” replied Mr. Seton, “that I expected such news from England; but on the other hand, I am not greatly surprised by it. I distrusted Dudley from the time I first met and talked with him. His restless eyes, his abrupt speech, and his excessive mannerism, all suggested concealed thoughts and selfish motives. The more I saw and

heard about him, the more confirmed I became in my suspicions; and I think Eugene felt very much as I did. As for Dorothy, she is like a young horse that gets the bits in his teeth—uncontrollable. Nor could you expect anything different. When a young girl is allowed to have her own way, practically in everything, to go when and where she pleases, to select her own companions, and her books and amusements, regardless of parental authority, in other words to be thoroughly modern and ‘up-to-date,’ her mental and moral development is like that of an uncultivated garden—the obnoxious weeds become rank, and destructive of all better growth. In all such cases bitter lessons are sure to follow sooner or later in life, often too late to correct the errors of misguided youth. In the present instance I’m afraid it is impossible for you or me to do anything. Of course I shall show this letter to Mr. Gates, and if he asks me for any further assistance or advice, I shall only be too glad to do anything in my power to help them all. He wrote some of his business friends in London at the same time that I wrote Mr. Grenville, making

similar inquiries. I presume he has received a reply; and if so, that is probably the reason for his wishing his wife to return at once."

"What do you suppose Dorothy will do when she learns the real character of Norman Dudley?"

"I presume she will at first refuse indignantly to believe the report. When she has had time to think it all over, and is convinced of the truth of the matter, she will no doubt be a little hysterical. But that won't last long, I imagine — just long enough for her wounded pride to be healed — and then her heart will quickly recover its equilibrium. It will depend somewhat, no doubt, upon the manner in which the truth is presented to her. If we can spring our evidence suddenly upon Dudley when he least expects it, and compel him to acknowledge, in Dorothy's presence, that he is a married man, and a fugitive from justice, she may turn upon him like a tiger, and her love quickly change to hate."

The elder members of the party were not very talkative at the dinner table that day, and when Mr. Seton proposed a drive, Mrs.



Gates was at first disinclined to accept. When, however, Mrs. Seton urged her to go, assuring her that she needed the distraction, and that the air would do her good, she smiled amiably and decided to accept her friend's advice. The young people, as usual, preferred to walk, although it was quite warm, and for comfort's sake it was necessary to keep to the shady side of the street. No section of the country possesses a finer growth of shade trees, especially the elm and maple, than Lenox. Eugene and Charlotte led the way down the hill, through Main and Walker to Kemble street, and along that beautiful avenue as far as the walk was entirely protected from the glare of the afternoon sun. On their return they stopped in at St. Ann's and assisted at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, that beautiful service so much loved by all Catholics. It was the first time that Hamilton had been present on such an occasion, and he was of course much impressed by the solemnity of the ceremony and by the recollection and devotion of the congregation. As they left the church and were starting leisurely up the hill, Robert turned to Helen who was walking

with him, and said: "Don't you think, Miss Helen, that it is possible you may return to New York before the first of October?"

"O Mr. Hamilton, I hardly think so. We like to remain in the country as late as possible, especially when we are so delightfully located as we are here in Lenox. The heat of the city is very trying in September; don't you think so? I wouldn't be at all surprised in fact, if father and mother were to decide to remain here until the middle of October, or as long as the Aspinwall remains open. They tell us that the autumnal foliage in the Berkshire Hills is wonderful."

"I don't doubt it," replied Robert, "and I can readily understand how one enjoying the attractions of this beautiful country, would be reluctant to leave it. But, Miss Helen, there is another view of the situation which presents it in a very different light for me. I shall be very lonesome until you return."

His remark was so unexpected, and yet so perfectly frank, that for the moment she was disconcerted. She looked up, first with an expression of surprise on her face; then as she read in his eyes the real meaning of

his words, she gave him a sympathetic smile which was unmistakably a confession. If Robert Hamilton was to find great, bustling, busy New York a lonely place during the rest of the Summer, Lenox with all its charms was to be a dull place for Helen Seton, while her friend was a hundred and fifty miles away.

Sunday evening concerts at the Aspinwall consist of a selected programme, somewhat more classical than the musical entertainments during the week, while the encores generally call forth some simple popular air. To-night our friends all sat together on the piazza and enjoyed the music. They retired in good season, however, in anticipation of an early start in the morning. Before saying good night Robert asked Helen whether, if he wrote to her, he might hope to receive a letter in reply.

"I should be very glad indeed to hear from you, Mr. Hamilton; whether I may promise to answer your letter, must depend upon my dear mother. My correspondence is always subject to her approval. Don't you think that is as it should be?"

"Yes, I do certainly, Miss Helen. I have

the greatest respect for your good mother, and for her views. But in this particular case I hope she will be as lenient as possible."

"In other words, Mr. Hamilton, you think that in your case a special dispensation should be granted from the prevailing regulations. By the way, what progress are you making in your controversial studies, or your spiritual reading?"

"I have been faithful to my promise," he replied. "I read every day a chapter from 'The Imitation,' and occasionally a few pages from Father Faber's 'Spiritual Conferences.' I have read 'The Invitation Heeded,' which your father recommended to me, and I am now reading, or rather studying — for I make a conscientious study of every page of it — Cardinal Gibbons' 'The Faith of our Fathers.'"

"You are pleased with it then, are you"? said Helen.

"I consider it a classic," replied Robert. "At least I have never read anything of a similar character which struck me more forcibly. The author presents in clear, simple language the elementary truths of the faith which he defends. From the Scrip-

tures, and from the Fathers of the Church he proves conclusively I think that the doctrines of the Catholic Church today are those which were taught in the Christian Church of the Apostolic age, and during the early centuries. His arguments are logical, and in all that he says there is nothing, I think, calculated to give offence to those who differ with him on religious questions."

"Then Mr. Hamilton, why are you not a Catholic?"

"Miss Helen, I believe that something more than conviction is essential to a sincere conversion; just what I can not say. I simply know that I can not intelligently deny the doctrines of the Catholic Church; and yet I find it hard to overcome all doubt, and to accept with unhesitating faith the tremendous mysteries which she teaches. Among my acquaintances there are men who freely admit, in private conversation, that if there is any true religion, it is certainly that of the Catholic Church. And yet they will not candidly study her doctrines and practices; they will not seriously consider her claims to their faith and obedience. Whether it is their pride, their false human

respect, or their love of the world and its pleasures, or perhaps a fear of losing social prestige, I can not say. But whatever the ground of their indifference, I have no sympathy with them, for I think they are trifling with the most serious problem of life; and what is more, they know themselves that they are doing so. When the path is made clear to me, and all doubts overcome, I trust I shall have the courage to follow where truth leads me."

Helen was listening so intently, and was so absorbed in what he said that her mother had to call to her a second time before she heard: "Helen dear, we are going up now."

"Yes, mother, I am coming," she replied, as she sprang to her feet. But she had time to say to Robert, who stood beside her: "Pray earnestly, Mr. Hamilton, that you may have the grace to know and to do God's holy will."

"I promise you I will do so," he answered, as he pressed her hand. "Good night."

## XIV

### Reaping the Whirlwind

**E**UGENE and Robert took the seventy-five express Monday morning for New York, and Mrs. Gates and Ruth went with them, on the same train as far as South Norwalk, where Mr. Gates met them. They were obliged there to take a "local" to Greenwich. When Mrs. Gates told Ruth Sunday noon that they would have to return home Monday morning, she flew into a passion and declared positively that she would not go. She had come to Lenox, she said, to have a good time; and now she didn't propose, after a shabby little two days' visit, to give up all her fun, and go back to "that stupid old house in Greenwich." Her mother tried to plead very gently with her, to explain that it was necessary for her, Mrs. Gates, to return Monday, and that it would not be proper for her to leave her young daughter alone

at the Aspinwall, especially as their friends had not invited her to do so.

"I don't care," said Ruth, "I think it's real mean of you to go back so soon, and expect me to go back with you, when I am having a good time here. I *won't* go." And she left the room, slamming the door behind her. As the day wore on, however, and she thought it all over, and talked with her young friends about the matter, she changed her mind—that is about going, but not about her mother's "meanness" in asking her to go—and left the next morning, out of sorts, forgetting to thank her friends for their kindness. When Mrs. Seton asked Louis that day how he liked Ruth, he said very little, but it was quite evident, from the little he said, that she had not left a pleasant impression on his mind.

Tuesday morning's mail brought a letter from Mr. Gates, in which he told his friend Mr. Seton that he had received an important communication from his London correspondents, a copy of which he would enclose. Norman Dudley, was coming down from New York Wednesday evening, when Dorothy had promised she would give him her



parents' answer regarding their contemplated marriage. Dorothy had told her father and mother that she would be sorry to act in the matter contrary to their wishes; but she felt that she had waited long enough, and unless they gave their consent by Wednesday evening, she would leave home during the following week and be married to Mr. Dudley. In view of the information they had received from England, this was of course out of the question. He intended to confront Dudley with the facts Wednesday evening, in Dorothy's presence, and unless he could furnish satisfactory evidence that the information he had received was incorrect, Mr. Gates would insist upon his discontinuing his suit, and request him not to visit the house again.

"Now, my dear friend," continued Mr. Gates, "I am going to ask a great favor. The meeting Wednesday will necessarily be a disagreeable one, and just what the outcome may be I can not predict. We feel that we need your advice, and possibly your assistance. Will you come down Wednesday afternoon and spend the evening and night with us? The one-thirty train from Lenox

stops at Stamford, and a few minutes after arriving there you may take the "local" which will get you to Greenwich a little after five. Please take a carriage and drive to the house. I will not meet you at the station, because I do not wish it known that I expect you. You will appear to take us unawares, as it were. Dudley does not arrive until after six. Drop me a line please, if you can, telling me that will you come. It will relieve my mind very much."

The letter from the London correspondents, which Mr. Gates enclosed, read as follows:

*"Confidential.*

JOHN GATES ESQ.,  
NEW YORK.

"Dear Sir:

"Replying to your letter of inquiry of recent date, we are glad to be able to give you the information you desire. Norman Dudley was employed by two or three brokerage firms in our neighborhood. His last employment was with Barton & Fraser, cotton brokers. Something over a year ago—in the month of April, I think—Dudley suddenly disappeared, and it was

shortly after learned that he had sailed from Liverpool for New York. A careful examination of his accounts was at once instituted, which revealed a shortage of about two thousand pounds. At the same time it was discovered that he had left behind him several 'I.O.U.s' for money borrowed. Dudley, it seems, had been speculating recklessly, and in his operations had made use of funds that were not his own. The writer is informed by a member of the firm of Barton & Fraser that his father, John Dudley, is a woolen merchant, living and doing business in Chelsea; that the young man went off leaving a wife and two children wholly unprovided for, who are now living in the family of the senior Dudley. He adds that if Norman Dudley should make his appearance again in this part of the world, he would promptly be arrested for non-support of his family, as well as for his financial irregularities. I have never had the pleasure of meeting the young gentleman, but I am informed by those who know him that he is the personification of courtly manners, and a past master in the art of deception.

"Trusting that this information will satisfy your requirements, and placing ourselves always at your command, we remain

"Respectfully yours,

"Sherman & Brown."

When he had finished reading the letters, Mr. Seton handed them to his wife, who had followed him to their room, anxious to hear any news he might have from Greenwich.

"Well, I never knew of such consummate rascality in my life," she exclaimed as she laid the letters on the table. "And to think that our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gates, should have allowed Dorothy to become so intimate with that man, without knowing anything about him. It is beyond my comprehension."

"Modernism, my dear, modernism. You and I are too old-fashioned, I suspect, to comprehend and appreciate these modern ideas. Children nowadays manage their own affairs, and resent any undue interference of parental authority."

"What do you propose to do about Mr. Gates' request? Will you go to Greenwich tomorrow, as he asks you to?"

"O I think so. They are evidently very anxious about the matter, and feel the need of friendly advice and assistance. I will write him, saying that I will come on the train he mentions, and enclose a copy of Mr. Grenville's letter."

"Can you have Dudley arrested and sent back to England?"

"I am afraid not, Anna. The offense, or offenses, of which he is guilty, are not extraditable. But we might have him arrested for the deception he has practiced here, and for his attempt to commit the crime of bigamy. I shall not, however, advise such a course, unless circumstances make it absolutely necessary. It would publish the whole situation to the world, and make matters very disagreeable for the family. If they can get rid of the fellow quietly, without causing any notoriety, it seems to me it would be the best thing they can do. Of course Dorothy is an element in the case, and a very uncertain one. There is no telling what she may say, or do."

Mr. Seton wrote at once to Mr. Gates, saying that he would take the train suggested, and on his arrival at Greenwich

would drive directly to the house. He enclosed a copy of the letter he had received from his friend Grenville. He added that while it would probably be quite unnecessary, he thought it might be well enough, as a precautionary measure, to make arrangements to have a police officer come to the house—that is, to be within easy call—at about eight o'clock Wednesday evening.

Helen and Charlotte were a good deal surprised when they learned of their father's intended trip. "Won't you take me along with you, papa?" asked Charlotte. "I have never been to Greenwich; and Ruth says it is a wonderful place."

"I should be very glad to do so, my dear child, if I thought you would enjoy it. But as it is wholly a business trip, and I expect to return Thursday morning, I am afraid you wouldn't see much of Greenwich."

Mrs. Seton endeavored to preserve her usual cheerful manner, and talked freely and pleasantly upon other subjects during the afternoon and evening; but Helen several times detected an anxious expression in her mother's face, and felt sure that something was troubling her. This consciousness made

her all the more attentive and affectionate with her mother; and during Mr. Seton's absence she was constantly with her. Mrs. Seton had often noticed that when she felt anxious, or troubled, Helen was more than usually tender and thoughtful of her.

When Mr. Seton arrived at Greenwich, there was no one at the station to meet him, and at the house his visit was apparently quite unexpected. He handed his card to the maid and was shown to the parlor.

"Who is it?" said Mrs. Gates very innocently, as she came out of Dorothy's room, leaving the door open behind her, and met her husband in the upper hall.

"It is our friend Mr. Seton," he replied, starting down stairs.

"Mr. Seton," she exclaimed; why I am delighted; I will be down in a few moments."

But she spent as much time as possible, making her preparations, in order to give the gentlemen down stairs the opportunity to discuss the situation over by themselves. Mr. Gates was in a very nervous state, anticipating a disagreeable scene, and possibly serious trouble. He was anxious as

to the effect the painful news might have on Dorothy. If Dudley should coolly deny the statements of the London correspondents, or insist that they referred to some one else of the same name, might she not believe him? And then what would happen? He had never been in the habit of opposing his children in anything, and he dreaded now the possibility of an argument upon a subject of this kind with Dorothy.

"I do not think," said Mr. Seton, "that we shall have any such difficulty as you anticipate in clearing up the situation. Self-asserting, superficial characters like Dudley are generally cowards, and when they face a real crisis, they lose their nerve and go to pieces. We must keep cool ourselves and avoid any excitement."

"Mr. Seton, I think I shall have to ask you to do the talking. You are a lawyer, and will know much better than I do, how to handle the matter. Besides, I know I should be nervous and excited, and probably commit some blunder."

"Very well," replied Mr. Seton, "I will do as you ask me to." He saw that his friend was in no condition to undertake the



disagreeable task. "I think, then, that after dinner I will at once confront Dudley with the facts which we have learned regarding his life in England. He will of course deny them, and will probably bluster a good deal at first. I will let him know that we have positive proof in our possession of the facts alleged. If he is still inclined to hold out against us, I will then tell him that the deception which he has practiced here, and his attempt, so nearly successful, to commit bigamy, have rendered him liable to arrest and imprisonment, and that a policeman is waiting for him at the door. Unless I am very much mistaken, he will surrender without further ado, confess the truth and plead for mercy."

"Do you intend to have him arrested to-night?" asked Mr. Gates nervously.

"I don't think that will be necessary," replied Mr. Seton. "But it will of course depend upon circumstances. If it meets your approval, I would suggest that we grant him a sort of legal probation; that is provided he makes a frank confession and sues for pardon. If he will promise to leave New York, and never show his face again in

this part of the world, I would say to him that we will suspend any legal action against him so long as he keeps his promise."

"I think that is an excellent idea, Mr. Seton. If we can get rid of him in that way, it will be a splendid thing, and we shall avoid any disagreeable publicity in the matter."

Dudley did not arrive until seven o'clock, and as dinner was announced as he entered the house, there was no time for anything more than ceremonious greetings. Nothing unpleasant occurred during the meal, but an unmistakable atmosphere of restraint hung over them all; Mr. and Mrs. Gates and Mr. Seton anticipating what they knew must be a painful scene as soon as they left the table, and Dorothy and her friend wondering what decision had been reached regarding their marriage. From the dinner table they all went to the library, and Mr. Seton lost no time in entering upon the rather disagreeable work before him. He took his seat opposite Mr. Dudley, so that he could look him directly in the face.

"You resided formerly in London, did you not, Mr. Dudley?"

"Yes sir," he replied.

"When did you leave there?"

"I came over, sir, in April of last year."

"You came by way of Liverpool, I suppose."

"I did, yes sir."

"Did you happen to know a firm of cotton brokers in London by the name of Barton & Fraser?" Dudley was evidently taken by surprise, and hesitated a moment as though trying to think; then recovering himself, answered: "O yes, yes, I knew them very well."

"You were employed by them, were you not?"

"I did some work for them, sir, at one time."

"And were in their employ at the time you left London?"

"I believe the work which they had given me was not wholly completed when I came away."

"Did you notify your employers of your intention to leave?"

"There was no occasion for my doing so."

Mr. Seton was now satisfied that the information he had received from London was entirely correct, and he determined to push

his attack, at once, to the extreme limit. Dudley had become very restless, moving from one side of his chair to the other, and using his handkerchief nervously. Dorothy was staring at Mr. Seton with an indignant frown on her face, as though she considered him absolutely rude and insulting.

"Mr. Dudley, were you not aware at the time you left London" — Mr. Seton spoke slowly, weighing his words carefully — "that there was a shortage of two thousand pounds, or more, in your accounts with Barton & Fraser?"

"I don't feel called upon to answer such a question," replied Dudley, with an air of offended dignity; while Dorothy hissed in scarcely audible tones: "What insolence!"

"Very well, Mr. Dudley; passing that question for the moment, have you ever lived in Chelsea?"

"In Chelsea, London? Yes sir, I have."

"And your father, John Dudley, lives there now, and is engaged in the woolen business, is he not?"

"My father was living there when I heard from him last; and I believe he has some interest in the woolen business."

"Mr. Dudley, were you acquainted with a young woman by the name of Martha Ellis?"

His defiant attitude had left him; his face was pale; he was evidently startled by the unexpected question, and his embarrassment was intensified by the consciousness that every eye in the room was fixed upon him; that they were all waiting expectantly for his answer. Dorothy leaned forward in her chair, with eyes wide open, her indignant expression changed to one of anxiety.

"Well, supposing I knew her," he replied in a sullen voice; "what then?"

"That is precisely the point I am coming to," said Mr. Seton. "Mr. Dudley, Martha Ellis is your wife, and the mother of your two children, whom you have left without means of support in London."

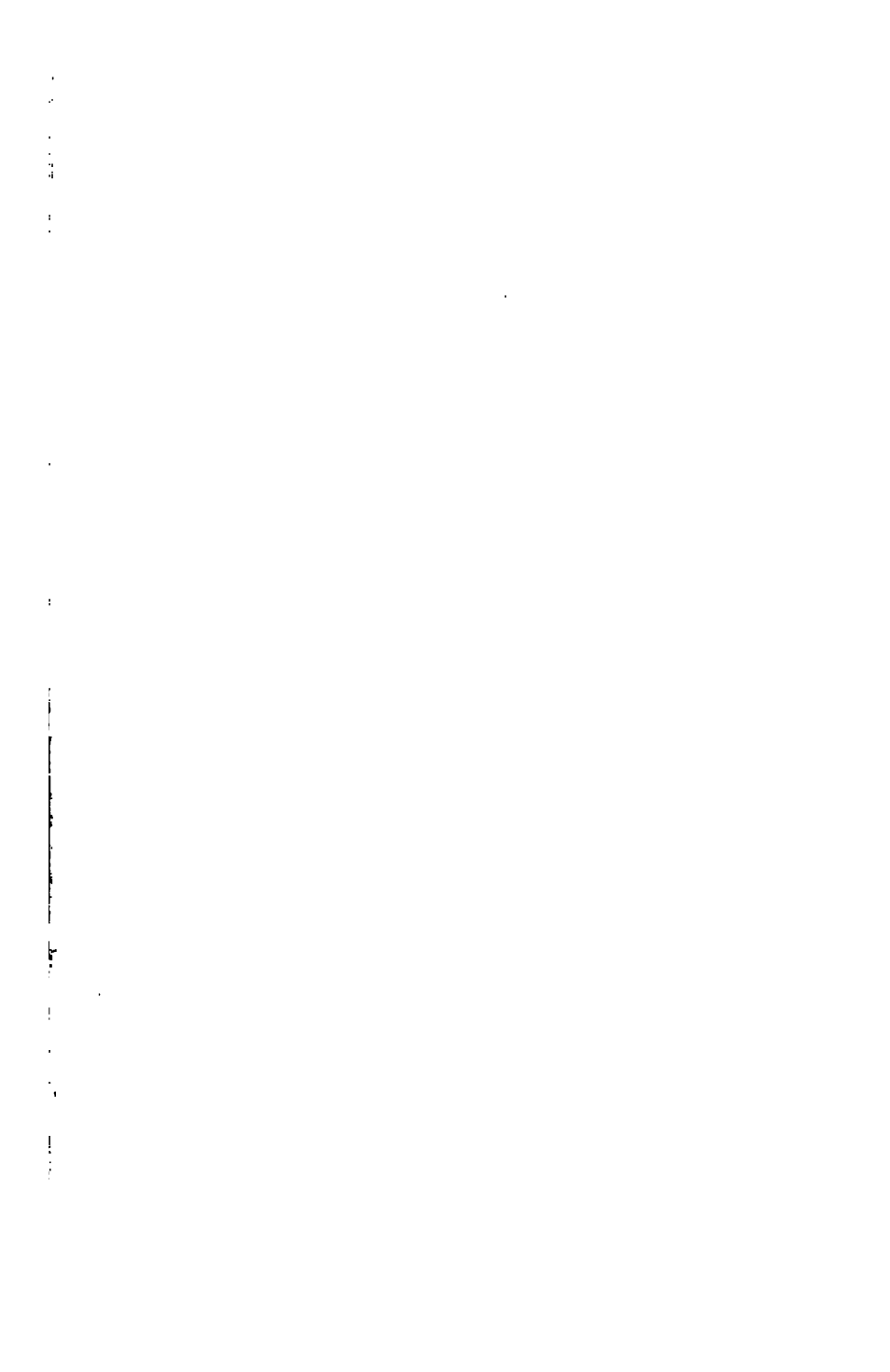
As he finished speaking, Dorothy sprang to her feet, turning a look of amazement and scorn on Dudley, and walking slowly backward to the sofa, where she seated herself near her mother. Mrs. Gates put her arm affectionately about her daughter and drew her closely to her side.

"Where did you pick up that extraordi-



*"You Would not Allow me, Sir, to Be  
Arrested in Your House, Would You?"*





nary information?" he asked, trying to appear indifferent. But the expression in his face, and the twitching of his hands showed that he was anxious and thoroughly frightened.

"I have in my possession, Mr. Dudley, positive proof of the facts to which I have called your attention."

"Well, I think I have had about as much of this grilling as I can stand"; and he rose from his seat as if to go.

"One moment, Mr. Dudley; I haven't got quite through with you yet. The deception which you have been practicing here, and your attempt to commit the crime of bigamy, have rendered you liable to arrest and imprisonment. A policeman is at the door, waiting to take you into custody."

His head dropped, the color left his face, and he trembled so violently that he was obliged to seize the back of a chair to steady himself. After a few moments of silence, during which he was evidently suffering the most painful emotions, he turned to Mr. Gates and said: "You would not allow me, sir, to be arrested in your house, would you?"

"There is our lawyer, sir," replied Mr.



Gates, waving his hand towards Mr. Seton. "He will take such course as he thinks proper."

"O Mr. Seton," exclaimed Dudley in the most beseeching tone of voice, "don't, for God's sake, don't put me in prison. For the sake of my father, for the sake of my wife and children at home, be merciful, as you would wish mercy to be shown you."

"Call in the police! have him arrested!" cried out Dorothy, stung by Dudley's forced confession. "Take him out of my sight."

There was silence for a few moments, while Mr. Seton appeared to be reflecting as to what course he should pursue. Then looking up, he said, speaking slowly and earnestly: "Mr. Dudley, I do not wish to be unmerciful; but your offence has been a very serious one, deserving severe punishment. With Mr. Gates' approval, however, I will make this proposition to you. Mark well the conditions attached to my offer. I will give you until ten o'clock tomorrow morning, to leave this town. I will give you until Monday next to say good-bye to New York. If ever, after these dates, you show your face either here or there, I will

see to it that you are promptly arrested and prosecuted to the limit of the law."

"All right, Mr. Seton, I accept your terms, and thank you for your kind consideration," answered Dudley. "Am I free to go now?"

"Don't be in a hurry, please, Mr. Dudley. I want to introduce you to a friend of ours. Mr. Gates, will you be good enough to have the police officer invited in?"

Dudley looked alarmed again, and his eyes wandered about uneasily, as he stood anxiously waiting and wondering what was going to happen.

"Mr. Seton," said Mr. Gates, as he entered the room, accompanied by a stalwart policeman, "let me introduce to you Mr. Bascom, one of the best officers on the police force of this town."

He bowed and smiled, as Mr. Seton shook his hand cordially.

"Mr. Bascom, I am going to ask you to take a good look at that man standing there, so that if you should ever see him again, you would know him."

The officer eyed him sharply for a moment; then said: "I have his face and the cut of his jib well stamped on my mind. I'll

## XV

### What is Modernism?

THE month of September passed without special incident in Lenox, and on the first of October the Setons returned to New York. The Gates' had already left Greenwich and opened their city house. A few days after their return Mr. Gates received by messenger, at his office, the following note from Mr. Seton.

"My dear Mr. Gates:

"We expect the Rev. Dr. Chambers to dine with us next Sunday, at half past one. He is the gentleman I spoke to you about last Spring, you will remember, as an authority on the subject of Modernism. He has written a good deal, and is the best informed man I know of on sociological questions. Moreover he is a gentleman of pleasing personality, and quite entertaining. We should like very much to have you and

Mrs. Gates meet him. Will you dine with us on Sunday?

"Sincerely yours,

"Charles Seton."

The messenger returned promptly with a reply from Mr. Gates, that it would give them great pleasure to dine on Sunday with their friends, and to meet Dr. Chambers; "provided always," he added, "we are given a '*nihil obstat*' from the good lady who presides over our domestic affairs, which I think we can as surely count upon as that the sun will rise tomorrow morning."

Besides Dr. Chambers and the Gates', Mrs. Seton had invited the Reverend Dr. Curtis, the high church Episcopal clergyman, and Robert Hamilton, to dine with them on Sunday. The house on Fifty-Seventh Street was one of the most attractive in that exclusive neighborhood. On entering one would be impressed by the elegant simplicity of everything. The furniture and drapery, the marble and bronze statuary, the pictures on the walls, as well as the books and bric-a-brac, and the floral decorations scattered through the rooms, all suggested not only

comfort, but that exquisite taste in little things which is so grateful to the refined mind and heart. The house today was redolent with the sweet perfume of roses, jasmine and carnations.

When the guests sat down at the table, Mrs. Seton had Dr. Chambers on her right, and Mr. Gates on her left; Mr. Seton's near neighbors were Mrs. Gates and Dr. Curtis; Mr. Hamilton was seated between Dr. Chambers and Helen, Eugene between Mrs. Gates and Charlotte. Louis had returned to Montreal, to resume his studies at St. Mary's; Charlotte, who a few days before had rejoined her class at the Convent of the Holy Child, was spending the day at home.

Dr. Chambers, at Mr. Seton's request, said grace before they sat down, and Mrs. Seton noticed with interest that their Anglican friend, Dr. Curtis, bowed his head devoutly and crossed himself.

"I hope you have enjoyed a pleasant Summer, Dr. Chambers," said Mrs. Seton, when they had all taken their seats.

"Wonderfully so," he replied; "though possibly not just in the way you might imagine. Father Burke and I have been

steadily engaged in missionary work since the first of April."

"Ah, indeed. I hope your good work took you to a cool part of the country?"

"Comparatively so, yes, it did. After six weeks spent in the cities of the State, we visited Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis, besides some of the smaller places in the Northwest."

"Those are all interesting points," said Mr. Gates; "you must have enjoyed your trip very much."

"Quite true, Mr. Gates. The Northwest is certainly a wonderful country, and there is a great deal there to interest the traveler who is enjoying a vacation. Our opportunities, however, for recreation were somewhat limited."

"Your missionary work, I imagine, left you little time for amusement or sight seeing," said Mr. Seton.

"Very little," replied the Doctor. "I had to rise every morning at half past four; said Mass at five-thirty, after which I preached my first sermon, or instruction; several hours were necessarily spent in the confessional, and there were many calls every day at the

rectory for information and advice; in the evening I preached another sermon. Besides, one must of course devote a certain amount of time to his books and personal correspondence. So really we could not conscientiously wander far from the church. Father Burke's duties were, if anything, more confining than mine."

"A very laborious life certainly it must be," said Dr. Curtis, "but, after all, I presume it afforded you a great deal of satisfaction."

"More than words can describe, Doctor. The peace of mind and real happiness which a Catholic priest enjoys, when a successful mission is concluded, surpasses, I think, any worldly pleasure that can be imagined."

"Are you away from home much of the time on this missionary work?" asked Mr. Gates, attracted by his sincerity, although he could not quite understand the reason for his enthusiasm.

"Most of the time, Mr. Gates. We are at home now for a few days' rest, but are off on another tour about the middle of the month, and do not expect to see New York again before Christmas. You and your

family, Mr. Gates, are away from New York, I presume, during the hot season?"

"Yes, we spent this Summer at Greenwich on the Sound."

"A very attractive place, don't you think so, Mrs. Gates?" He turned now to her because he had noticed that she seemed less interested than the others in his allusion to his missionary activities.

"Yes Doctor, it is, as you say, an attractive place, especially for those who enjoy aquatic sports. But Mr. Gates and I would have preferred Lenox, where Mrs. Seton and her family spent the summer, had it been more accessible to New York."

"I quite agree with you, Mrs. Gates. Lenox is one of the garden spots of New England. And apart from its local attractions, it affords New Yorkers the needed change of air—from seaboard to the mountains."

"That is what really decided us to go to The Berkshires," said Mr. Seton, "although there was another motive which strongly urged us in that direction. This young lady at my left is such a country girl, so enamored with the attractions of the woods



and fields, and especially with long tramps over the hills and through the valleys, that we felt we ought to gratify her rustic ambition; and I think Lenox was her choice."

"Miss Seton, I admire your good taste, as well as your sound philosophy," said the Doctor. "There is an indescribable charm in the attractions of country life, and one of the best educators of both mind and heart is the contemplation and enjoyment of nature. As for walking, it is the healthiest exercise in the world; and for those who really love it, it never becomes tiresome."

"Helen has quite set her heart on my building a home in Lakewood, New Jersey, another of her pet country places," said her father, looking at her with a smile.

"Take her advice, Mr. Seton; it will add years to your life. I was sent down there two or three years ago, to get rid of a bad cold and some bronchial trouble. A ten days' stay in the Pines made me feel like a new man. Several of my friends have had a similar experience."

"Thank you very much, Dr. Chambers," said Helen. "I am glad to hear you say a good word for Lakewood. I think father is

almost as much inclined to go there to live as I am."

A moment later Helen turned pleasantly to Robert and said: "I suppose, Mr. Hamilton, you have been to church this morning?"

"I have indeed," he replied. "And where do you think I went?"

"To St. Thomas', I suppose."

"No indeed, I did not. I went to St. Patrick's."

"I am delighted to hear it. And how were you impressed with all you saw and heard?"

"Most agreeably," replied Robert. "The music was simply grand; the majority of the congregation appeared to have their eyes intently fixed, during Mass, upon the altar and the solemn ceremony which was taking place there; the sermon was one of the most eloquent, and certainly the most instructive I have ever listened to."

As he spoke, he turned his head slightly to the left, and noticed a broad smile on the Doctor's face.

"And who was the preacher?" asked Mrs. Seton, showing at once an intense interest.

"As I listened to him," replied Robert, "I did not know who he was, and I certainly did not expect that I should ever have the pleasure of meeting him. I have had that honor, Mrs. Seton, and am now sitting next to the distinguished preacher."

All eyes were now turned on the Doctor, as he bowed his head, and for an instant closed his eyes, as though he would shut out any further compliments. Then turning to Robert he said: "It is very kind of you, sir, to speak so generously of my remarks this morning."

"But Dr. Chambers," exclaimed Mrs. Seton, "how does it happen that we did not know you were to preach today? We all went to an early Mass, and would have gone again, if we had known that you were to occupy the pulpit."

"I did not know it myself, Mrs. Seton, until a late hour last night. The reverend gentleman who was to have preached at the eleven o'clock Mass this morning was taken ill last night, and your good pastor telephoned me to know if I would take his place. I was only too glad to accept his kind invitation. *Voilà tout.*"

"Doctor, that accounts for our missing a good sermon," said Mr. Seton. "But if such an emergency should ever arise again, I hope you will notify us, so that we may take advantage of it."

"I promise you, Mr. Seton, that next time I will remember your kind wishes."

As coffee was about to be served, Mrs. Seton suggested that they all adjourn to the library. "If you do not object, we ladies will accompany you there," she said; "we are very much interested in your conversation. Mrs. Gates, I am quite sure you do not object to smoking, and Helen and I are so accustomed to it that I think we could hardly believe we had finished our dinner, if we did not see Mr. Seton and Eugene light their cigars. So gentlemen, please do not let our presence interfere with your enjoyment." And taking two boxes from the table, she gracefully invited the gentlemen to help themselves. No one declined.

"Doctor," said Mr. Seton, as soon as they were all comfortably seated, "some time ago, in a discussion which Mr. Gates and I were having upon the subject of present-day social conditions, I contended that many

of the evils, which afflict society today, are traceable to the pernicious influence of Modernism. Mr. Gates does not agree with me. While admitting the existence of some of these evils, he says that I charge too many sins to Modernism, or, as he prefers to call it, modern progressive ideas. I have told him that you are an authority on this subject, and could make clear to him just what is understood by Modernism, and how its evil influences are exerted upon all classes of society. I trust you will not feel that I am imposing upon your good nature, if I ask you to do so."

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Seton, to pay me the compliment you do," replied the Doctor. "I have been deeply interested, it is true, in the questions to which you refer, and have devoted a good deal of time and labor to a careful study of the subject. If my views are regarded as sound, or authoritative, it is because they are grounded upon the teachings of the highest authority on earth, the Catholic Church. My practical experience, moreover, has brought me, as you know, in close touch with the institutions and the people who are in danger

of being influenced by the spirit of Modernism."

He was silent for a few moments, his eyes cast down, as though he were reflecting as to how he should begin. "Before entering upon any argument, it is well always to have a clear understanding of the meaning of the words we are using; and if more than one signification attaches to them, to understand in what sense we intend they should be taken.


"Modernism, in the strict — that is, the religious — sense of the word, is a fundamental error of faith. It is the negation of the doctrinal authority of the Church, and of the right of the divinely constituted hierarchy to govern Christian society. As such it was condemned by our illustrious Pontiff, Pope Pius X, in his immortal Encyclical of September 8, 1907 — '*Pascendi Domini gregis*.'

"Using the word in its more popular sense, we understand by Modernism a certain characteristic spirit, the mental and moral attitude, of the age; not essentially dependent upon any religious dogma or creed. It is of Modernism in this sense of the word that I think you wish me to speak.

"It would be difficult to give a clear and concise definition of this Modernism. We may, however, easily recognize some of its predominant characteristics; especially, I would say, its disregard for constituted authority; its indifference, amounting sometimes to contempt, for the traditions and conservative ideas of the past; its readiness to adopt new theories without due consideration; its haughty independence and self-sufficiency; its disposition to throw off all restraint, and to gratify selfish inclinations; its craving for novelties; its love of the sensational in everything; its spirit of unrest and discontent.

"The baneful influence of Modernism is felt, I think, in every sphere of life. The Christian Church, the family, the school, literature and art, the press, the theatre, social life, as well as commercial and industrial circles, all have suffered from this influence."

"In what way, Doctor?" asked Mr. Gates. "I was under the impression that religious and educational work had broadened and become more intelligent under the impetus imparted to them by modern thought."



"Mr. Gates, to understand the pernicious influence of modern thought upon religion, it is necessary to bear in mind the fact that Modernism, as a religious movement, is the offspring of Liberalism, which owes its existence to the Protestant doctrine of private judgment. Accepting this principle, it logically follows that every individual, or sect, may formulate his, or its, own creed; and if one may eliminate what his reason prompts him to discredit, from the faith of another, a third may with equal right discard any or all of the teachings of Christianity. If there is no infallible authority to teach the truth, these shifting creeds of Rationalism must inevitably lead to infidelity. And so Protestantism today has become religious anarchy.

"As a natural result, religion has been banished from the public schools. Morality without religion can be conceived of only by a diseased imagination. And so it happens that our public schools, with all their possibilities for good, which in a large measure no doubt are realized, are in some respects a menace to good order and to Christian civilization. Let me explain myself. Edu-




cation, in the truest sense of the word, means something more than imparting to the student a knowledge of the three R's, or making him proficient in grammar, arithmetic and the other elementary branches taught in common schools. It means the training and development of all the faculties, mental and moral, of the young man. To fill his mind with worldly knowledge, without instructing him at the same time in the principles of Christian morality, is like placing firearms in the hands of a child without warning him of their danger; he will use them to his own destruction, or the injury of others. Apart entirely from the paramount consideration in the matter—the individual's eternal welfare—the youth is not well prepared for the duties of good citizenship, who has not been taught to distinguish the essential difference between good and evil, to differentiate promptly between right and wrong. Religion and all efficient moral teaching is banished from our public schools today; the result may be read in the Juvenile Courts and the Police Department."

"As I understand you then, Doctor, you

consider it a mistake to bar religious instruction from the public schools. If a different policy were to prevail, and Christian doctrine, or morals, were to be taught in the school, would there not be some conflict of opinion as to what method should be followed; whether the Westminster Confession, or the Thirty-nine Articles, or the Roman Catholic Profession of Faith should constitute the basis of this religious instruction?"

"Mr. Gates, in a country like this, with its heterogeneous population, and diversity of creeds, it would manifestly be improper, a gross injustice in fact, to introduce the doctrinal teachings of any religious denomination, or system, into our public schools. The problem presents no serious difficulty, however, if it is approached without prejudice and in a proper spirit. The question is simply this; how shall we impress upon the minds and hearts of the rising generation the essential principles of justice and morality, while we are storing them with worldly wisdom? If we fail in this our building is in vain; the work of our schools is a failure; the resulting education too often becomes a menace to society. Without the moral sanc-

tions of divine law, and the purifying influences of religion, justice and morality can not be firmly rooted in the practical life of society. The State very wisely provides for the education of all her children; officials are appointed to supervise the building and equipment of schools, and the employment of an army of teachers, which involves the expenditure of enormous sums of money, for which all the people are taxed. There is, however, a large element in the community, whose conscientious convictions will not permit them to send their children to schools where God is ignored, and where no instruction is ever given upon the subject of religion and Christian morality. While therefore paying their share of the taxes for the building and support of public schools, from which they receive no benefit whatever, they have taken upon themselves the additional burden — which in the aggregate amounts to many millions of dollars — of providing their own schools, where their children are instructed in their faith and in the principles of Christian morality, without in the least impairing the sound secular education which they receive.



"The Catholics, who number at least fifteen millions of the population of this country, have more than five thousand parochial schools, with an attendance of nearly a million and a half pupils.

"When our forefathers established the great system of common school education, their chief motive could only have been the desire to fit the rising generation to become virtuous, law abiding citizens. Surely nothing could better tend to the accomplishment of that worthy purpose than a knowledge of the Christian Religion, and of the fundamental principles of morality.

"Every child educated in the public schools is an expense to the State. The *per capita* cost is of course readily ascertained, and does not materially change from year to year. If the Catholic authorities are willing to place their schools under the supervision and control of the State Boards of Education, so far as relates to the standard of secular education, and to the health and safety of the children — and I think I am quite safe in saying they would be willing and ready to do so, reserving of course the right to reject anything prejudicial to their faith or

morals — is there any good reason why they should not receive the same *per capita* support that is given to the public schools? If the efficiency of the former, in the work of secular education, is shown to be as great as that of the latter, ought they not to share equally in the distribution of the monies appropriated to that purpose? Is the school, or the teacher, less worthy of recognition, because to the secular education given they add a knowledge of divine truths and the teachings of Christian morality? And yet when an appeal is made that equal justice be done in this matter, and that the conscientious convictions of all the people be respected, and none of them called upon to bear more than their equal share of the burden of supporting the schools, there is an outcry of virtuous indignation from a large portion of the press, and, I regret to say, from many of the ministers, as well as the lay representatives of Protestant Churches. They solemnly protest that no portion of the public funds shall be devoted to the support of denominational schools. To the enemies of the Catholic Church this protestation sounds very plausible; but of course it is

not sincere, not honest; it is born of prejudice, or, more frankly speaking, of that intolerant bigotry which is blind to the truth and beauty of the Mother of Christianity. It is certainly foreign to the spirit of religious liberty which distinguishes the Constitution of the United States.

“Apart from the moral or religious deficiencies of our public schools, there is another feature which should not escape notice in our criticism. There is a class of modern reformers who seem anxious to reform everything — they would reform creation if they could — and their principal idea of reform seems to be a change from existing conditions. They are always ready to tear down; their constructive powers are generally quite limited. In our Boards of Education, and among our professional educators, these restless reformers are constantly making innovations on the old methods, experimenting with new systems, which naturally enough come and go with changing administrations. The reading and spelling books, the grammars and arithmetics, as well as the methods of instruction, which for generations were so successfully used in our schools, have been replaced by a

variety of novel productions, favored by the new comers. A great variety also of new 'courses' have been introduced into our modern schools, covering a wide range of subjects, from psychology to cooking. Cramming is apt to produce indigestion whether it be at the table or in school. As it is impossible for the child to master all of these subjects, he becomes proficient in none. The latest novelty, I believe, that the young student is expected to digest, is the subject of sex hygiene. It might better be entitled 'An Introduction to the Art of Immorality, adopted to Modern Conditions.'"

## XVI

### Who are the Modernists?

**D**OCTOR, your coffee is cold," said Mrs. Seton. "Do let me give you a fresh cup." After taking a few sips, Dr. Chambers continued his remarks.

"I have spoken only of the influence of this restless modern spirit upon the sectarian churches, and upon our public schools. To the casual observer it is more manifest in the daily life of the people, in the tastes and habits of society. Perhaps the most painful picture of the baneful influence of Modernism is to be seen in the domestic circle. The divorce evil in our country has become, as you know, alarming. The rate of increase in the number of divorces as compared with that of the increase of population, during the past forty years, has been threefold. We surpass all nations of the world, except Japan, in this unenviable record. In fact twice as many divorces are granted in this



country as in all the rest of Christendom combined. Protestantism robbed marriage of its sacramental character, and opened the way to the abuses which afflict and dishonor Christian society today. The tendency of the modern spirit is to regard marriage as a contract which may be annulled, like any other contract, at the pleasure of the interested parties. And the children of these unhappy unions, what of them? A distinguished judge, of Chicago, recently stated that 'fifty per cent of the boys arrested for misdemeanors in Chicago, and of the young girls who go wrong, are of parents who have been divorced.' It needs no seer to predict the results upon future generations of this dissolute spirit of the age.

"But closing our eyes now, if we can, to the monstrous evil of divorce, what has been the influence of Modernism upon domestic life? The homes of a generation ago have largely disappeared. Among the wealthy, worldly-minded classes, disregard for the laws of nature has worked its evil purpose; the decimated families have, many of them, abandoned the old home, and taken up their residence at hotels, where they are relieved

of household cares, and where amidst luxurious surroundings they may freely enjoy the pleasures and excitements of fashionable life. The young people of the day, the models *par excellence* of Modernism, of 'up-to-date' ideas, the fathers and mothers of the coming generation, how painfully lacking they are in those virtues which were once thought to distinguish the worthy children of devoted Christian parents. They seem to have lost that most attractive of youthful virtues, respect for parents and deference to their elders; the spirit of independence and self-sufficiency has usurped its place. The young women appear to have forgotten the gentle, maidenly virtues of modesty and simplicity, which are so charming in youth; many of them are bold and wanton in their dress, as well as their manners, in the street as well as in the parlor. If the devil was planning a special campaign against morality, he certainly must have had a voice in the councils which designed the present styles of women's costumes. They are scattering the seeds of corruption in their path, and — sad to say — parents too often look on indifferently, if not approvingly, at the

vulgar, shameless display made by their daughters."

Mr. and Mrs. Gates, who had been attentive listeners, now sat with their eyes cast down thoughtfully, and as Mrs. Seton glanced towards them, without turning her head, she saw a painful expression in their faces. She felt anxious herself, for she knew the Doctor was not aware of their radical modern views, and was ignorant of the fact that their children were of the class he had so graphically described. At that moment, if she could, she would have turned the conversation into some other channel. But it was too late; the Doctor felt that he had been challenged, as it were, to the discussion of a subject in which he was deeply interested. The question put to him had not yet been fully answered. He continued:

"The demoralizing modern dances are the craze of the hour, which like a spell, or an intoxicant, seem to have addled the brains of intelligent people, old as well as young. The infatuation holds them by day as well as by night, and the dancing is kept up not only in the ballroom, but in the dining hall or café, where modern young ladies sit about,

at tables, drinking and smoking. No right-minded person need be told of the hidden danger which lurks in the excessive indulgence of this pastime, which has been condemned as immoral by the highest authorities, religious and civil.

"You will be inclined perhaps to write me down a pessimist — to consider my picture overdrawn. But I have touched only upon some of the most glaring evils of Modernism."

"Dr. Chambers, I don't think your description at all exaggerated," said Dr. Curtis. "The evil you speak of is a growing one, and few people seem to realize that they are dancing on a volcano. Don't you think that the modern Press and Theatre are very active agents in spreading the pestilence?"

"Undoubtedly they are, Dr. Curtis. The Press, that enormous power for good, as well as for evil, the educator, one might say, of modern society, what is it doing? We are forced to admire its marvellous enterprise, its ceaseless energy and activity in gathering the news from all parts of the world, and spreading it quickly before the public. We recognize the great good it has accomplished

in many directions. But when all this has been said, there is another side to be considered. The newspapers of the day — that is, the greater number of them — are extremely sensational, pandering to the lowest tastes. Their chief avocation would seem to be the reporting in minute and often disgusting detail, the scandals, the evil gossip, the crimes and miseries of the world. The pictorial element monopolizes a large share of their space, and is generally of that vulgar, exaggerated character which is calculated to debase, not to elevate the mind and heart. Instead of exerting their great power to uplift the mental and moral condition of the people, they are too often inclined, perhaps for pecuniary motives, to pander to the morbid appetite of the frivolous crowd. In a word, the newspaper of the day is generally the Organ of Modernism.

“Then comes the theatre, the very mirror of Modernism. Really it is difficult to speak dispassionately of the plays which are being provided today for the amusement, as well as the corruption of society. One can but feel that the spirit of darkness has a hand in spreading this net to entrap and ruin

innocent souls. There is, of course, the legitimate drama — unfortunately but little patronized or encouraged nowadays — but the modern playhouse, as a rule, is a veritable school of immorality. I can not comprehend how Christian parents allow their children to be present at such obscene exhibitions.”

Mr. Gates was again quite nervous in his movements, and Mrs. Gates looked very serious.

“Dr. Chambers, I know you are quite right in what you say regarding this modern evil which has become so widespread,” said Mr. Seton. “There is a feature of the case to which you have not referred, and which perhaps has come more closely under my observation than your own. This City is full of men looking for employment; in the country farmers are having great trouble in getting men to do their necessary work. The inference is obvious. In this City, the great business establishments, corporations and private firms, who employ a large working force, are constantly looking for good men and can not get them. What is the explanation of the seeming paradox?

Simply this. Many of the young men from the country have flocked to the City, not so much for business as to see the sights, to have a good time, to take part, they fancy, in the gay life of the Metropolis. The farms upon which their fathers and grandfathers lived honest, industrious lives, and brought up their children in health and innocent recreation, have become irksome to them; they have read the yellow journals which occasionally reach them, become restless, and have abandoned the old homestead, with all its picturesque traditions and homely surroundings, and gone to work in the village or country town. A year or two of artificial life there only whets their appetite for something bigger, something more sensational. The city paper now comes to them daily, and they have become intensely interested in all the sporting news; some of their friends, who have been there, give them glowing accounts of what they have seen and heard in the Metropolis. And so our young country boys, convinced that they can make their fortunes and enjoy real life there, pack up their belongings, and depart merrily for the great City. Here of course

they are quickly lost in the crowd, and wonder perhaps that no one seems to take any notice of them. Then begins the bitter struggle. At every place the country lad applies for a situation, in answer to an advertisement, he finds a long line of applicants anxiously looking for the same place. If after repeated disappointments he secures a job, he finds the situation very different from that which he has been accustomed to in the country store. He is now under strict business discipline; his duties are laborious and exacting, and unless he is prompt and industrious, he is discharged peremptorily. A few of these young men succeed, and after years of hard, faithful work, rise to positions of trust, with a liberal income; but more of them fluctuate from one post to another, frequently out of work, and if employed, always in a subordinate position, with little ambition, and more interest in outside sports and amusements, than in the conscientious discharge of their duties — yet embittered because of what they call their 'hard luck,' and jealous of their more successful competitors. Many of these young men fall victims to the allurements of city life and



contract evil habits; few of them are guided in their lives by the teachings of religion and morality.

"In the meantime the farms are deserted, or but poorly cultivated, and the land does not yield the rich harvest that is needed. And to this unfortunate condition may be traced, I believe, one of the chief causes of the present high cost of living."

"I don't doubt it," said the Doctor. "It is the natural result of the modern spirit of unrest and contempt of legitimate authority. Men can not follow the bent of their passions, or shape their lives according to their selfish desires, without doing injury to themselves and often to other people."

There was silence for a few moments, and then Mr. Hamilton said: "Dr. Chambers, I have listened with a great deal of interest to your remarks. May I ask you what in your opinion is likely to be the outcome of the present condition of unrest and of extravagant luxury?"

"We are headed, Mr. Hamilton, directly for the abyss of Revolution and Anarchy. Read the history of Assyria and Babylonia and Egypt; of Pagan Rome, and of France

before the Revolution. You need not be told that history repeats itself."

"Do you think then, Doctor, that a similar fate is likely to overtake us? May we not hope that society will yet realize the danger which threatens, and retrace its steps?"

"God alone can save us from our mad career, Mr. Hamilton; and one power only on earth can, as God's instrument, lead us to retrace our steps."

"And what is that?" asked Mr. Hamilton.

"The Catholic Church," replied Dr. Chambers.

"May not other Christian churches assist in the accomplishment of that work?" asked Dr. Curtis.

Dr. Chambers hesitated a moment before replying. "I trust you will pardon me, Dr. Curtis, if I speak frankly. I could not otherwise answer your question honestly. In the truest sense of the word there is, and can be, but one Christian Church. Truth is one and indivisible. Christ would not have been God, if He had established many churches, teaching as many different doctrines. He Himself, said: 'There shall

be one fold and one shepherd.' The Church built by Christ on the rock of Peter; the Church which by the sublime heroism of her martyrs and confessors during three centuries resisted and overcame the paganism of Ancient Rome; which checked the Northern Barbarians in their mad career of pillage and destruction, and converted them to Christianity; which has planted the cross in every known country of the world; the Church which during the nineteen centuries of her existence has never been free from the attacks of heresy and schism, but has preserved undiminished and unchanged the sacred deposit of faith left her by her Divine Founder; that Church alone can successfully resist the attacks, and, in God's good time, dispel the errors of Rationalism and Modernism."

The arrival of several friends here interrupted further conversation. As Dr. Chambers rose to leave, Mr. Seton expressed the great pleasure he had given them all, and thanked him cordially for his remarks. Dr. Curtis accompanied him to the door, and as he took his hand to bid him good afternoon, said quite earnestly: "Dr. Chambers, I have

listened with a great deal of interest to what you have said, and although I can not wholly agree with you regarding the exclusive prerogatives of the Roman Catholic Church, you have given us all, I am sure, much food for reflection. If you will permit me, I shall be very glad to call upon you, and to know you better."

"It will give me great pleasure, Dr. Curtis, to see you any time." And he handed him his card.

*It is  
"up is  
"non sense  
"by a former Catholic"*

## XVII

### Incomplete History

**I**T is too early yet to write a complete history of the characters whose acquaintance we have made in the preceding chapters, for they are all still living, and for various reasons would be reluctant to have their identity disclosed.

If you have the good fortune to be acquainted with our excellent friends, the Setons, you will not fail to recognize them, in the story told here. They are still to be found in the front ranks of Catholic laymen who are working in their own quiet, unostentatious way, for the betterment of society, and especially for the relief and improvement of the condition of the poor. Their pictures are never seen in the public prints, and their names rarely. You may see them, however, any morning, on week days as well as Sundays, at the seven o'clock Mass in an uptown church of New York.

Eugene is an active member of "The Society of St. Vincent de Paul," as well as of that other most excellent organization, "The Ozanam Association of New York."

If some bright morning, as you are hurrying along Fifth Avenue, you are attracted by the sweet face of a young woman talking and laughing familiarly with some poor wreck of humanity, who is listening to her admiringly, as though she were some goddess, take a good look. It is probably Helen Seton. If a young miss is standing near by, looking compassionately at the object of charity, you will easily recognize Charlotte. If later in the day you are worried by some little contradiction, and perhaps tempted to be impatient, recall the sweet faces; their influence will help you to act kindly, and to look on the bright side of life.

The Gates' are still "progressives" — at least they call themselves so — but the Setons have noticed a marked change in the views of their friends. When Modernism is spoken of, they are quite willing to recognize certain excesses in modern social life which are to be regretted.

Dorothy, poor incorrigible Dorothy! For a few days after her rude awakening at Greenwich, she seemed rather serious and subdued. But she has quite recovered from that shock, and she and Ruth are still ideal models of the "up-to-date" young woman.

Ralph continues to cause his parents much anxiety, and as yet gives no promise of that "settling down to business," which his father predicted. His quondam associate, Norman Dudley, when last heard from, was engaged in some money-getting enterprise in the mining district of Colorado.

It will be agreeable news to those who do not already know it, that Dr. Curtis is a student in a Catholic Seminary, not very far from New York, and hopes to be ordained next year to the priesthood.

The friends of Robert Hamilton will probably not be surprised, while they certainly will be gratified, to learn that he made his profession of faith, and was received into the Catholic Church early in January last. There has been a persistent rumor in his Club, and among his intimate friends, for

some time past—which has not been “authoritatively” confirmed, or denied—that Robert is engaged to a very sweet, estimable young lady, living on West Fifty-Seventh Street.





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Translated by FRANCIS DEMING HOYT

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"Montalembert's great *Life of St. Elizabeth* has been put into English by Mr. Francis D. Hoyt, and our spiritual and historical literature is thereby genuinely enriched. There is much in this work of Montalembert's own heart and soul: his poetic love for the Middle Ages, his knightly loyalty to the Church, his scrupulous honor to verify every statement, and his noble zeal to present to the modern world a defense and apologia of Catholicity. Listen to these words of the Introduction to this book, wherein Montalembert utters the hope that is in him for the return of the world to the Church, its abandoned mother: 'And yet I firmly believe the day will come when humanity will demand its release from the dreary waste in which it has been enthralled; it will ask to hear again the songs of its infancy; it will long to breathe again the perfumes of its youth; to present its thirsty lips at the breast of its mother, that it may taste again before death that milk, so sweet and pure, which nourished its infancy. And the prison doors of that mother will be broken by the shock of so many suffering souls; she will come forth more beautiful, more powerful, more merciful than ever. It will no longer be the naïve and fresh beauty of her young years, after the painful labors of the first centuries; but rather the grave and saintly beauty of a courageous woman, who has read again the history of the martyrs and confessors, and has added thereto her own page. In her eyes will be discerned the trace of tears, on her brow the furrows wrought by her sufferings; but because of these she will appear only the more worthy of the homage and veneration of those who, like her, have suffered.'

"*The Life of St. Elizabeth* did great good when it first appeared in France. We trust that a similar fortune will attend this English translation." — *Catholic World*.

"This translation of the life of Thuringia's pride calls attention not only to the 'dear St. Elizabeth,' but to the author of the book as well. Count de Montalembert is a type of one consecrated to the service of religion. He who was strong enough to yield when Rome spoke, was gifted with a delicacy of insight and an exquisite sensibility of heart, both of which fitted him especially to understand and to interpret to others the life of St. Elizabeth.

"Montalembert's introduction to this biography is inspiring, and one almost feels the thrill of the spoken word in these lines on the Church: 'She alone has a compass that never varies, and a Pilot who makes no mistakes.' St. Elizabeth's story is well known; but this fresh presentation of a beautiful life must be a new delight, a new inspiration." — *Ave Maria*.

"It may seem strange that progressive America should furnish us with a translation of a Life so steeped in mediævalism as that which Montalembert wrote to the glorification of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. But there is no want of sympathy between Mr. Hoyt and the task he has so well accomplished. In fact, we can congratulate him upon the success of what has clearly been a labor of love. He has admirably reproduced the easy charm of the original French. Montalembert published the work in 1836—some twenty-five years before his more famous 'Monks of the West.' His preface of over a hundred pages is one long appreciation of the thirteenth century, and its chief figures, lay and ecclesiastical, so far as they advanced the cause of the Church. It is his ideal age, with chivalry at its prime and the Church at its height of power and glory. He similarly idealises 'dear Saint Elizabeth,' as her earliest biographers termed her, recording without discrimination all the miracles which they attributed to her in life and after death. Her intense depth of religious feeling, her almost ideal affection for her husband, the extent of her charity and the austere simplicity of her life must win admiration from those who have little sympathy with the age in which she lived. We feel confident that this work, with its ardent exaltation of purity, devotion, and self-sacrifice, will take a high place among the lives of the Saints." — *Church Times*. (London.)

"Montalembert will live for a long time, if not for ever, even apart from the struggle with which his name, like that of Lacordaire, will always be associated, because he was, as his biographer says, one of the lovable men of the nineteenth century. Important as a controversialist, singularly successful as an orator, he was perhaps at his best in those works in which he reproduces the spiritual side of life. In this volume we have an excellent translation of Montalembert's ripest work by an admirer who is yet an ardent Roman Catholic, and an apologist after this fashion:— 'To say that Montalembert sometimes erred in his judgment is to admit that he was human. But, be it said to his eternal praise, he was always a humble, loyal, and obedient son of the Mother whom he served with all his mind and heart,—the Catholic Church. When Rome had spoken, neither his voice nor his pen was ever raised to question its decision. . . . Lacordaire and Montalembert proved that, however devoted they were to the cause of liberty and the progress of free institutions, as

they had interpreted those ideas, they were before all else loyal to their God and to the teachings of His infallible Church.' In Saint Elizabeth of Hungary and in the spiritual romance, her union to Louis, Duke of Thuringia, Montalembert found subjects on which he could lavish the treasures of his genuine love and his equally genuine rhetoric. The rapture of 'saintliness' is rendered in this apostrophe:—'You, O blessed children of the earth which you glorify, and of heaven which you populate, you are known and loved by every Christian, for every Christian has at least one among you as his friend, his patron, the confidant of his sweetest thoughts, the depositary of his anxious hopes, the protector of his happiness, the consoler of his sorrows.' This is the ever-recurrent note of a book which but for its earnestness and its sweet spirituality might be considered almost tedious in the details which it gives of a life which was as noble as it was short. Mr. Hoyt, an American, has done his work as introducer and translator in the best spirit and with the best taste."—*Spectator*. (London.)

"Among all the lives of the saints there is none more delightful than that of 'the dear Saint Elizabeth,' as her early biographers call her. Recent German investigation has probed to the bottom the details of the records, and has rectified a few dates and altered a few impressions; but it has not succeeded in producing a life more sympathetic, more edifying, or on the whole more truthful than that which Montalembert first published in 1836. In it the great French writer was at his best. In Saint Elizabeth he found a heroine who combined all the principles he most admired. He follows every step of her life as if it were strewn with roses, and he makes the coldest heart warm with something of his own enthusiasm for charity and purity, and devotion and self-sacrifice. Mr. Hoyt has done well to translate this work for American readers, and we hope that it may be much read in England also."—*The Guardian*. (London.)

"Montalembert's *St. Elizabeth* is now nearly seventy years old. When it appeared it was received with welcome and enthusiasm by every class of Catholic society, and it was a powerful factor in that vindication of Catholic history and Catholic principle which was brought about by such men as Lacordaire, De Fallaux, De Broglie, and the illustrious author himself. An English version, by Ambrose Lisle Phillippe, appeared in 1839. The present translation, which comes to us from the United States, is scholarly and good. It presents the original with adequate force and literary grace. This is no easy task in the case of a style so purely French, so picturesque, and so 'periodic,' as that of Montalembert. We have noticed very few mistakes, and none of any consequence."—*Dublin Review*.

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